THE LIVING AGE

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for August, 1935

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

OUR readers will recall Adolf Grabowski as the author of 'Africa, Incorporated,' which we translated in our May issue. This plea for even more outright European exploitation of Africa brought in so many letters to *Pester Lloyd* that Herr Grabowski wrote another article, which we have entitled 'Africa for the Europeans.' Here we find the case for Mussolini and all other colonial adventurers stated with complete candor. Considerable attention is also devoted to the game Great Britain is playing in South Africa and Rhodesia.

EUROPÄISCHE HEFTE, the most lively of the German-émigré reviews, offers a somewhat individualistic interpretation of Mussolini's African programme. It asserts that the Duce fears old age creeping over him and is making a desperate attempt to gain in Africa the permanent prestige that he has not yet acquired for himself in Europe. The point is also made that as a Fascist leader his policy necessarily leads to war, even though the great industrialists and bankers who finance Fascism stand to profit little or nothing.

A SWISS resident of Addis Ababa gives a sympathetic picture of the natives. His friendly sentiments, however, are due chiefly to the fact that Swiss business men are better satisfied with the *status quo* than they would be with an Abyssinia dominated from Rome.

AS A kind of sequel to our air symposium, we offer a comprehensive history and summary of the progress of air warfare. The Spanish author naturally has a strong predilection for the autogyro that one of his fellow countrymen invented.

DR. MAX BEER has written a long book riddling the foreign policy of the Third Reich. The article of his that we have translated sums up his case, which seems to be that German statesmen possess an uncanny genius for not being able to visualize any foreigner's point of view.

IN SPITE of the censorship in Spain, the Spanish press remains one of the best in Europe and is worthy of a really first-rate Power. Jaime Menéndez's article on Bulgaria, like Sr. de Campos's on aviation, is an extraordinarily complete and accurate contribution to contemporary history.

NOT only THE LIVING AGE but many other British and American publications have been giving more and more attention to C. K. Ogden's famous linguistic project known as Basic English. We offer this month the latest news on the subject written in Basic English for the London *Times*. What with English and American talking pictures capturing the markets of every country, the prospects of Basic English as the international language of to-morrow would seem to be several hundred times as good as the prospects of Esperanto.

PAUL NIZAN is a prolific and gifted young Frenchman of Communist proclivities who has attracted wide attention and praise for his novels and criticisms. We translate this month a recent travel article that he wrote for *Europe* describing the people and customs of Tadjikistan.

THE name of Audiberti has been appearing lately in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* signed to various poetic contributions. 'Esthonian Honeymoon,' which bore the title '*Contribution à l'énigme*' in the French, is the first piece of fiction we have seen from the author's pen. But, to judge from its remarkable sensitiveness and originality, the name of Audiberti will some day be very widely known. It is worth recalling that such internationally

(*Continued on page 558*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

NOT SINCE 1914 have so many banners of approaching world war fluttered in a single breeze. The wind comes from Africa, but every political tyro confidently asserts that the 'inevitable' Abyssinian-Italian clash will be followed by a Nazi putsch in Austria, which will lead first to the mobilization of the Little Entente, then of Germany, then of Poland and the Soviet Union, and finally of Japan. By that time France and Great Britain—not to mention the latter's unofficial American ally—will be involved, and the second World War will have arrived.

Every scrap of material evidence leads to this conclusion from which there seems to be no logical escape. But, even assuming that the Abyssinian-Italian conflict cannot be headed off, will the others follow in due course? Close analysis of the very forces working toward war suggests a possible alternative. We quoted last month an anti-Fascist publication in Paris, which reported riots and popular discontent in Italy. That many rulers in modern Europe do not command the support of the majority of their subjects is the stalest truism, and a foreign adventure has from time immemorial been the method by which an unpopular ruler tried to remain in office. If, therefore, the chain of events described above really does start to unroll, the chance that it will be interrupted by a sudden outburst of revolution, civil war, or mutiny should not be

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minimized or ignored. The universal censorship of news—even in 'democratic' Britain—makes any prophecy uncertain, but the fear of revolution, which plays so large a part in the belligerent plans of Mussolini and Hitler, may lead to surprising eleventh-hour concessions from France and England. If the mathematical chances of war are a hundred to one, the chances of ultimate revolution are five hundred to one, and every responsible statesman in the world knows it.

HOW, THEN, account for their behavior? Although nearly half the British electorate, as described in a later note, has voted twenty to one in behalf of applying economic sanctions against an aggressor state, no responsible leader in any country has so much as mentioned the simple fact that Italy needs to import coal, copper, iron ore, manganese, mica, nickel, oil, tin, and tungsten to prosecute a war. But, while the French or British statesmen dare not make the obvious threat of economic sanctions, Mussolini goes his Machiavelian way. Last summer he threw the French into a panic by greeting Hitler in Venice, but allowed Laval to persuade him last January to abandon Germany in exchange for African concessions. A month later Britain, France, and Italy declared their solidarity at Stresa, whereupon Mussolini went forward with his Abyssinian plans. Nor is this all. The Duce is not satisfied with Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria, whom he considers too moderate, and has recently conferred with Vice Chancellor Starhemberg in Rome and discussed plans for a thoroughly Fascist Austrian state even more subordinate to Italy, perhaps as an alternative to a Hapsburg restoration. Like Hitler, Mussolini has little to lose, much to gain, and he is applying the same kind of force politics. Because the handful of bankers and industrialists who control France and England won more than they knew what to do with in the Great War, their political henchmen—the Baldwins and Lavals—stall desperately for time.

STILL ANOTHER munitions exposé, entitled *Who's Who in Armaments* by W. H. Williams, has just been published by the Labour Research Department in London. Among the Vickers-Armstrong stockholders, it lists Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour (Home Secretary in the MacDonald Cabinet), the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Horne, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Venerable Archdeacon H. S. Phillips of Foochow. The holders of airplane shares, which have enjoyed quite a flurry in recent months, are almost equally impressive and include Lionel N. de Rothschild, several peers, and not a few members of the clergy. But the shareholders in Imperial Chemical Industries, whose profits reached a new record in 1934, are a veritable handbook of the British aristocracy. They include directors of the Mid-

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land, Martins, Barclays, and Lloyds Banks, the Marquess of Lothian, Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Earl Inchcape of shipping fame, the recently divorced wife of Prince George of Greece, Sir Henry Page-Croft, a Cabinet member, and even the novelist Warwick Deeping. In the case of the biggest shots, the pamphlet includes short biographical sketches. A certain Commander Craven, for instance, served in the Navy from 1900–1912, then with Vickers until 1914, then with the Navy until 1916, and then back to Vickers, where he has remained ever since. And it is of more than passing interest to discover the Bank of England listed among the Vickers shareholders.

WHILE THE SELECT few in Great Britain stake their fortunes on the probability of war, the vast majority of the population shows a perverse preference for peace and even a touching faith in the League of Nations. More than eleven and a half million people have participated in a nation-wide 'Peace Ballot,' and ten and a half million of them voted in favor of 'all-round reduction of armaments by international agreement.' As many as 74 per cent of the voters endorsed taking military action against an aggressor state, and 94 per cent favored collective security by non-military measures. Less than 775,000 people voted in favor of the private manufacture of arms, and this proportion did not vary even in the centres of the private-armament industry. Here is the way Walter Ashley, assistance secretary of the committee that organized the poll, interprets its results:—

> This, then, in brief, is the meaning of this vast vote for peace: an overwhelming majority of the people of this country have declared themselves, through their votes in the ballot, emphatically in favor of the League of Nations, of an all-round reduction of armaments (and in particular of the abolition of naval and military aircraft), of the doing away with the private manufacture of arms, and of collective security by non-military measures. Further, a large majority of the people have also declared themselves in favor of collective security, even if, in the last resort, it involves recourse to combined military measures.
>
> The people have expressed their will. It is for statesmen to see that this will is put into effect.

How the statesmen have replied to this meek challenge is more than adequately covered elsewhere in this issue.

ALEXANDER WERTH, Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New Statesman and Nation*, has been a consistent bull on France ever since Flandin assumed power last autumn. Nor has his hero's recent fall and the ensuing Cabinet crisis that ended when Laval received an overwhelming vote of confidence shaken his optimism. According to Mr. Werth, Flandin fell because he did not oppose the deflationary policies of the Bank of France with enough vigor and the

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Bouisson-Caillaux Cabinet that followed fell because it treated Parliament with too much contempt. Laval then showed his keen sense of popular psychology by telling the Chamber that had voted out the autocratic ex-Socialist Bouisson: 'You are the worthy representatives of the people.' The Communists thereupon persuaded the Radical Socialists to propose an anti-Fascist coalition government to the Socialists, but the Socialists turned them down. After this, the Bank of France showed its hand and declared that it would starve out the Treasury unless the Government were given full powers to pursue a deflationary programme. Mr. Werth comments on this development as follows:—

> This last Cabinet crisis has at least achieved one very important thing: it has shown up the Bank of France in its true colors. It has shown that the Regency Council of the Bank, with its De Wendel and other members of the Comité des Forges, is in a position to dictate its policy to the Government of the Republic. The stormy cheering from nearly two-thirds of the House with which Marcel Déat's speech denouncing the activities of the Regency Council of the Bank was received showed that the revolt against the occult pressure of high finance was not limited to the Socialists and Communists. The revelations about the Bank of France have greatly impressed public opinion. It remains to be seen whether the Laval Government will be the obedient servant of the Bank or whether it will have the courage to enforce a different credit policy—the policy advocated in the past by M. Flandin and one that alone has a chance of saving France from devaluation, or, at any rate, of allowing her to hold out until an alignment of currencies becomes possible.

THOSE POLITICAL FORECASTERS who saw the seeds of war in Italy's unsound finances a year ago now look with even greater alarm at Germany's financial position. Last December the Bank of England granted a credit of 750 thousand pounds to Dr. Schacht ostensibly to help pay British exporters for the goods they sold to Germany. Actually, the loan enabled the Nazis to continue the most rapid rearmament programme in modern history. By the end of June this credit was exhausted, and in May Montagu Norman conferred with his old friend Dr. Schacht about providing more money, for Germany's gold reserves had steadily deteriorated. Indeed, under present circumstances, the debtor, not the creditor—as Dr. Schacht was the first to discover—holds the whip hand, and the insolvent nation now shakes down its solvent neighbors by threats of war or revolution. The London *Economist* asserts that Germany has now accumulated a vast unfunded secret debt, which it estimates as follows:—

> Estimates of this secret debt, which are certainly not exact, are openly bandied about in the Berlin financial market. It is alleged that already at the end of 1933 there was a secret debt of Rm. 5,000 millions, at the end of 1934 of Rm. 10,000 millions to Rm. 12,000 millions, and at the present time Rm. 15,000 millions to Rm. 17,000 millions. According to these estimates, the real Reich debt

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would be around Rm. 30,000 millions instead of the Rm. 13,000 millions that is so minutely and scrupulously specified in the Finance Ministry's returns.

Francis Williams, financial editor of the *Daily Herald*, gives this description of the way the German economic system now functions:—

> Meanwhile, local Nazi organizations are operating an extensive system of blackmail of industrial leaders in their areas. These industrialists are informed that they have been appointed to high honorary positions in the local Nazi organization and that, in such circumstances, it is known they will be only too glad to make a substantial contribution to Nazi funds. In most cases, the 'benefactors' are told the amounts expected of them. And, if they refuse to pay, they know they will be accused of being anti-Hitler and will have serious difficulties in keeping their works going.
>
> So, with forced loans, levies, and Nazi contributions, many industries are coming to the end of their resources, and it is difficult to see where the Nazi Government is going to find fresh sources of finance for its armaments schemes. When it finds it cannot obtain more money, even by forced loan, then inflation seems inevitable.

MORE THAN ONCE we have quoted passages from that admirable multigraphed news service, *The Week*, published in London by a former New York correspondent of the London *Times*, and events have borne them out. We therefore pass on for future reference its warning to look out for more trouble from Lithuania this fall. It will be recalled that during the Hitler-Simon conversations last spring, the Lithuanians arrested four Nazis for plotting against the Government. Germany protested violently and presently received the support of Britain, France, and Italy, who launched a protest of their own—initiated and written, we are now informed, by a certain Preston, British Chargé d'Affaires in Kovno, the Lithuanian capital. This gentleman, according to *The Week*, makes no secret of his pro-German sympathies, and he is also married to a White Russian wife. Finally, the Nazi prisoners were to be defended by Sir Alexander Waldemar Lawrence, an eminent London solicitor and former Chief Assistant to the British Treasury, although British lawyers are forbidden to appear in any Lithuanian court. After a series of rebuffs at Kovno and after presenting a long memorandum to the Lithuanian Government, endorsing the German protest, Lawrence departed for Riga to visit his friend Mr. Urch, the Russian expert of the London *Times*, who spends his life in the Esthonian capital writing atrocity stories about life among the neighboring Soviets. Thus it was that Lawrence's memorandum to the Lithuanian Government found its way into the columns of the *Times*.

REPORTS FROM LONDON state that a new flock of refugees have arrived, this time from Spain, paralleling the arrival in June, 1934, of

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various well-to-do Germans who fled abroad, not in fear of Hitler but of the wrath to come. The Spanish émigrés are for the most part army officers and members of the leisure class, who have spent their spare time convincing themselves that another insurrection similar to the October uprising of last year is on the cards. This time, however, they do not believe that the Government will be victorious, as Lerroux has lost the support of his former Republican allies and as the young Fascists led by Primo de Rivera's son cannot seize or hold power. The failure of the last insurrection, it will be recalled, was due partly to poor timing in the agricultural regions, which had revolted once in the summer, and partly to the loyalty of the army, especially of the Moorish Moslem troops, who saw no inconsistency in supporting a Roman Catholic régime. Next time a more coördinated revolt is anticipated, and the premature refugees expect it to come on the anniversary of last year's affair.

THE FUTURE HISTORIAN is likely to rank the exploit of the Chinese Communists in making their way from Kiangsi Province to Szechwan with Xenophon's March of the Ten Thousand. Evidence that is gradually trickling through to the outer world indicates that between 200 and 250 thousand of the best-trained and bravest troops in China have now joined the Communist cause and have thwarted the efforts of Chiang Kai-shek's army and six separate provincial armies, totaling one million men, aided by bombing planes flown by American, English, German, and Italian pilots. The Communist troops originated in the interior of the country. Until they had captured or won over through their propaganda large bodies of Chiang Kai-shek's supporters, their fighting equipment consisted of homemade arrows and spears, but now they have guns and artillery. In the last campaign Chiang tried to counteract Communist propaganda by sending North Chinese soldiers, who spoke a different dialect, into the field. But the Southern peasants continued to support the Reds, and, when the invading troops and airplanes had laid waste the countryside, they came into possession of empty, valueless territory. Finally, instead of letting Chiang Kai-shek exhaust himself, as he did in his five previous anti-Red campaigns, the Communists fought back and broke the cordon that was cutting them off from the west. They shifted most of their troops to Szechwan, a province with more than 60 million inhabitants, where three separate Communist armies are now converging. But all these successes could not have been gained without the support of the civilian population and constant propaganda.

AMERICAN BANKERS in China have recently hung up a record worthy to rank with their exploits in Germany. On May 24 of this year three American concerns with headquarters in Shanghai—the Asia

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Realty Company, the American-Oriental Finance Corporation, and the Raven Trust Company, with a total capitalization of some 20 million Chinese dollars—closed their doors. All these concerns were controlled through the Raven Trust Company, a holding company that, in accordance with democratic American traditions, was largely owned by Frank J. Raven, a native of California, a fervent Rotarian, a Shanghai bull, and a pillar of the local church. The trouble, like so many American financial troubles, originated in real estate, but, because many of the creditors of the Raven Bank are foreigners, it will not have an easy time meeting its obligations. The most important aspect of the affair is the blow that it strikes at American prestige in the Far East. But those of us who resent being dragooned into war with Japan or Russia to protect the interests of the British Empire and Americans of the Raven stripe in the Far East will not have difficulty in detecting a silver lining to this dark affair.

AUSTRALIA LOOKS FORWARD to continuing business recovery in spite of the fact that the prices of its exports in terms of British pounds have fallen almost to the record lows they reached in 1931 and 1932. There is less stock exchange speculation and greater interest in new lines of business. In the city of Melbourne building activity doubled last year. Unemployment continues to decline very slightly, and savings-bank deposits are increasing. Receipts from the customs and taxation rose 10 per cent in the fiscal year just ended, and imports reached the highest amount in four years while the trade balance remained favorable, as it must in a debtor country. Japanese purchases have a good deal to do with this revival, but, at the same time, the political uncertainties caused by Japan's sudden rise in the world have created widespread anxiety.

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The first of these African articles demands Africa for the Europeans, the second argues that personal vanity and domestic unrest are driving Mussolini to war, the third gives Ethiopia's case.

ONWARD, Christian Soldiers

AFRICAN TRILOGY

I. AFRICA FOR THE EUROPEANS

By ADOLF GRABOWSKI

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

MY PREVIOUS article in the *Pester Lloyd* on Europe and Africa [translated in the May LIVING AGE] attracted wide attention and brought me many letters. I have been asked more than once what part of Africa is most suitable for general European colonization. Because Africa is now completely partitioned, the answer to this question assumes that at least one colonial Power will throw at least one of its areas open to pan-European settlement. That, however, would mean qualified or unqualified concessions.

We have not yet reached the point —nor can we so much as imagine reaching it—at which any colonial mandate will be surrendered. For that reason it seems best to me to ask what part of Africa is best suited for mass European settlement. In this connection it must be admitted at the outset that the tropical lowlands are unsuitable but that most of the high tropical plateaus have a good climate for colonization. Moreover, wide stretches in both South and North Africa lie in the sub-tropical, not the tropical, zone.

The French possessions come to our mind first of all because France lacks the man-power to promote real colonization. French North Africa, embrac-

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ing Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco, has a healthy climate, on the whole, and might be able to accommodate some settlers. Of course, there is also the French mandated territory of Syria in Asia, in which the Christian Assyrians who formerly dwelt in Iraq are to settle and where it is also probable that a Jewish corporation will receive the concession to drain some territory where a Jewish settlement is planned as a counter-balance to Palestine on a larger scale. Assyria, however, is not very large, and Lebanon, the most suitable area, already has a population density of about eighty per square kilometre.

French North Africa is by no means virgin territory. The economic crisis has hit these countries severely, especially Algeria, and serious difficulties have arisen between the Algerian population and the Jews. Any mass colonization, whether of Jews or non-Jews, would not be welcomed under such conditions.

The Portuguese colony of Angola seems to offer better possibilities. Part of the high country in the south is suited to European settlement, and a few successful experiments have already been set in motion there. But the area is comparatively small, somewhere between fifty and seventy-five thousand square kilometres, and only part of the land can be used for farming and that only for certain products, notably grain and cattle. Colonization on a larger scale must make many forms of economic activity possible and allow for close coöperation between agriculture, industry, and trade. The same thing is true of former German Southwest Africa, of the plateaus in former German East Africa, and of Cameroon and of Uganda, which the British Government offered to the Zionist organization as an autonomous Jewish colony in 1923 but which was wisely refused. In the high country of German East Africa and German Southwest Africa nearly all the available land is completely occupied.

II

In the light of all this it seems that of all the open areas in Africa only one deserves serious consideration. This is Southern Rhodesia, the southern part of that huge district lying between the Zambezi and the Limpopo Rivers, where Cecil Rhodes founded and organized the British South Africa Company in 1889. In 1923 this company handed over the administration of Southern and Northern Rhodesia to the British Crown for a handsome consideration.

The increasing production of the Southern Rhodesian gold fields has long been a matter of common knowledge, and the fact that no less than a million and a half pounds were invested in these gold mines during the first half of 1933 speaks volumes. The gold fields are situated in the vicinity of the two chief cities, the capital, Salisbury, and the biggest city, Bulawayo. Both are growing steadily and now wear the aspect of modern metropolises. The gold mines of Southern Rhodesia are ancient affairs. It was here that Carl Peters sought the Biblical land of Ophir, and it is quite possible that the famous ruined mines of Zimbabwe and other places date back to that remote period. Unquestionably this district used to be in regular sea communication with the neighboring East African coast now known as Portuguese East Africa and

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was also in touch with Arabia as well as Persia and India.

This traffic now goes by railway from Bulawayo via Salisbury to Beira on the Indian Ocean. This horizontal line competes with that part of the big unfinished Cape-to-Cairo line that now runs from the Cape to Northern Rhodesia and has temporarily terminated in the Katanga district of the Congo Free State. Because the horizontal and vertical lines meet in Bulawayo this city possesses special importance. Not far distant, in the Matopo Mountains, the man who is responsible for the renaissance of this whole district lies buried on a high peak—Cecil Rhodes.

Gold is only one of the minerals that are mined in Southern Rhodesia. The exploitation of chromium and asbestos is also very important, nor should we forget the coal mines near Wankie on the right bank of the Zambezi River, which is served by the vertical railway. Coal containing coke is found here and is used by the huge copper district of Katanga. This has brought the part of Africa under Belgian rule into economic and therefore political dependence on Southern Rhodesia. Moreover, connections between Southern Rhodesia and Northern Katanga are no less close than those between Southern Rhodesia and the southern Transvaal. It can fairly be said that Katanga's copper and the gold from the south meet in Southern Rhodesia. And, in view of the traffic with the Indian Ocean that has already been referred to, Beira has become as important a port to Southern Rhodesia and to the whole southern Congo as Lourenço Marques is to the Transvaal. The country thus has two streams of traffic flowing through it, one north and south, the other east and west.

The climate has the same variable character, for it is here that subtropical South Africa merges into tropical Central Africa. But since the country is high, averaging between twelve hundred and sixteen hundred metres, it all belongs to the subtropics and is therefore suitable even for north European colonization. Colonizers could make a good living raising corn and wheat as well as cows, provided they did not go into industry and trade. The rainfall is not excessive but is sufficient almost everywhere. Furthermore, the development of the local cities provides a convenient market for a considerable part of the agricultural products. Oranges and lemons have recently been cultivated in the river valleys.

III

Southern Rhodesia consists of an area of nearly 400,000 square kilometres. It is therefore about as big as Japan and three times as large as the most beautiful colony in the world, Java. Its population to-day consists of only about a million tractable blacks, who belong to industrious tribes, and about 50,000 whites. The white population could be multiplied twenty times over without difficulty. England knows this and has therefore given Southern Rhodesia, in contrast to the very much more tropical and much more barren Northern Rhodesia, the opportunity of becoming a white dominion. According to the constitution of August 1, 1923, an assembly is elected every five years (only British citizens over twenty-one years old are entitled to the ballot), and its duties

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are confined to approving alterations in the Imperial Constitution and to governing the natives. Thus, Southern Rhodesia will one day take its place among the great British Dominions.

But the basic reason for this favored treatment of Southern Rhodesia by the British Crown is an eminently political one. The country is to become a counter-balance to the tendency the South African Union has shown toward separatism and expansion. It is in every respect to England's interest to prevent the sovereignly inclined and predominantly Boer population of the Union of South Africa from advancing northward with the slogan of Africa for the Africans. Back in 1922 England checked South Africa's ambitions to expand into Rhodesia when the British settlers in that part of Rhodesia, which had not yet been divided, voted in a special referendum against joining the South African Union.

IV

To-day the appetite of the South Africans has increased. They want to expand their country primarily in the direction of Southern Rhodesia, and they justify themselves on geographic grounds, maintaining that all the country south of the Kunene, Okavango, and Zambezi Rivers is naturally inclined by the character of its landscape and climate to become a single South Africa. Not long ago Colonel Reitz, the South African Minister of Agriculture in Bloemfontein, demanded once again the surrender of the British protectorate of Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland, and Prime Minister General Hertzog had made the same demand in the South African Parliament only a year before. Reitz put forward his proposal with the understanding that relations with England would be maintained, but the mother country knows well enough that, although the pro-English party formed a coalition with the Boer party in 1933, the agreement may not last. With the incorporation of this British protectorate against the desires of the native population, the South African Union would have made a long step in the direction of claiming possession of the entire southern portion of Africa.

Faced with this situation, England needed to add quickly to the number of white settlers in Southern Rhodesia and to create another dominion to counter-balance the South African Union. Rapid colonization can occur only on a large scale, and the period for individual colonization has passed, as an interesting letter by Charles G. Ammon in the London *Times* made clear. Ammon believes that the most important task confronting the British Empire is to make it British again by group colonization. But England will be quite satisfied if certain parts of its Empire only refrain from turning anti-British. Whenever a loyal white settlement or colony takes root, tendencies destructive to the Empire suffer a reverse, and, because Southern Rhodesia is preëminently such a district, England will turn for assistance to masses of European colonizers in the not-far-distant future. That would give the new dominion a much more consolidated population than the old South African Union. The Union suffers from the fact that its million and a half white inhabitants are thinly scattered among five million blacks. The country is basically, but not actually, a white man's country. Eng-

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land is seeking to solve this inner conflict by means of expansion, and it needs strength outside South Africa because it lacks strength inside. Southern Rhodesia might pursue a much more intelligent and sound white policy if it opened itself to mass European colonization.

II. Why Mussolini Wants War

Translated from *Giustizia e Libertà*, Paris Anti-Fascist Italian Weekly

ACCORDING to normal logic a colonial war is waged for the purpose of expansion. Mussolini and Fascism, however, have nothing to do with logic. Mussolini was once the most determined opponent of war in Libya. To-day the dictator is filled with worries at the prospect of an explosion in Europe. He cannot fail to recognize that the Abyssinian adventure is a piece of pure madness from the economic and political point of view. His motives must therefore be sought in quite a different quarter, which perhaps has nothing to do with economic sociology but which throws light on the history of all dictators.

Mussolini is now in his fifty-third year and at the threshold of his old age. He has obtained everything that his ambitions could demand in the way of personal power. For precisely that reason he now wants something else. The questions arise in his mind, 'What shall I leave behind? How much of the system will remain?'

These questions must plague the Duce more and more. What is he leaving behind? Certainly not a social revolution. The social foundations of Italian society remain unchanged. Mussolini is intelligent enough to perceive that the corporations are largely bureaucratic affairs. They were created by decree, and another decree can make them vanish. Perhaps the Dopolavoro and the child-welfare institutions will endure, but both were copied from Bolshevist Russia.

Is he leaving behind a political revolution? As long as he is the Duce, yes. But the monarchy and the Papacy stand in the background. If his successors do not have the capacity of renovation,—and there will be successors,—the field will be open to the old conservative forces. Highways, palaces, public works—for those who reckon in decades or centuries—are no great achievements, especially when most of the cost must be borne by future generations. Heirs are never grateful for legacies that show a deficit. Primo de Rivera built marvelous roads and a coöperative system in Spain, but who speaks of Rivera to-day? If only the memory of Mussolini were at least identified with a period of prosperity as the memory of Napoleon III is, but on this score he has nothing but complaints. Nine of the thirteen years in which Mussolini has ruled have been crisis years. Mussolini and misery have become synonymous.

Foreign policy remains. This shows a dismal balance sheet. There have been no extensions of frontiers, no conquest of Dalmatia, no victorious wars, no treaty revision. A slice of Rome has been carved off for the Pope, and Italy has joined the French

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system to defend itself against Germany. Without lapsing into paradox or passing unfair judgment, one can say that, if Mussolini dies to-morrow, Giolitti will remain the greater man in terms of patriotic imperialism. Giolitti conquered Libya, and Italy grew by leaps and bounds under his rule.

And, when we compare Mussolini not with Giolitti but with Napoleon, Cavour, Bismarck, Lenin, or Masaryk, the parallel becomes pathetic. Mussolini's sole achievement is to have saved Italy from Bolshevism and introduced a series of reactionary measures. In this respect Hitler towers over him by a thousand metres. Here is a remarkable record for an ex-revolutionary.

For that reason Mussolini, who, it must be granted, has set a high goal for himself, is full of discontent. His decisive hour is arriving sooner than it has to all other dictators. He must therefore embark on a colonial war as a bare minimum. He wants his life to be perpetuated on the map. That is the reason for so much unhappiness, so much despair, so many failures.

Now let us go from the biographical to the political. To Fascism, as a system of government, a war in Africa represents an excursion into the higher realms. The whole social body of Italy feels in a very ill humor toward Fascism, toward its authoritarian interests and ideals. There is no open revolt but general weariness. The young people, in particular, are living in a stuffy atmosphere that might give rise to revolutionary ferment if a clear ideology were to appear. Anti-bourgeois sentiment is no longer a fashionable pose. The new Italian generation is convinced that the old world is done for. The few young people who still accept Fascism, or at least do not rebel against it, take this attitude only because they see Fascism rapidly liquidating the past. Now, however, real conditions have become quite clear. Between 1932 and 1934 Mussolini and the corporations were given one last burst of faith. Now that is exhausted. Without a striking military success, no new faith will appear.

That is why this enormous, ambitious adventure has become necessary. It involves at least the appearance of order. At least it has the advantage of establishing military discipline, suppressing all criticism, and shipping many jobless discontented youths to Africa.

II

To Africa! To Africa! Later we shall see. Men and material are being poured into the two colonial reservoirs of Eritrea and Somaliland, which are overflowing, bursting. The generals carry themselves like pupils of Scipio Africanus. The soldiers are exhausting themselves, marching up and down, shouting, '*A noi!*' in a climate as hot as an oven. Nobody seriously wants the war, and yet they are moving toward it, sliding in that direction with almost mechanical fatality. Of course, it is not impossible that Mussolini will double on his tracks at the last minute. That would indicate that the people felt too exhausted and weary to fight.

The whole Abyssinian affair rests on very weak foundations as a capitalist war, as a war of imperialist capitalism. All modern wars are, of course, 'ultimately' capitalist wars. But the specific motive of this war is not the desire of the Italian bourgeoisie for

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expansion, it is not the result of capitalism's hunger for profit, but the result of the despair of Fascism. The Italian bourgeoisie as a whole is absolutely opposed to the African war or to any war, for it regards war as a leap into the unknown.

War will come because Mr. Benito Mussolini needs to settle his accounts with history and because Fascism feels the ground giving way beneath its feet. Without Mussolini and Fascism there would be no talk of Abyssinia.

III. A Neutral in Abyssinia

By a Swiss Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

NEWS services in Abyssinia are very inadequate. The new government radio station releases as much information to the public as suits the powers that be. But it completely suppresses most announcements bearing on the conflict with Italy. Because of atmospheric conditions, small private radio sets rarely pick up any foreign stations and are therefore little used. By deciphering the radio programmes, which are not subject to censorship, the news could be reconstructed, but this is too expensive.

The public is therefore very badly informed and discovers every eight or ten days what has been happening on the world stage some sixteen or twenty days earlier when newspapers arrive from Europe. But the dispatches on current events arouse little interest because everyone knows that they have been superseded by more recent happenings. Now and then, it is possible to discover something new from one of the embassies, although they usually keep silent, or through the Government organ.

Neutral observers were struck by the tremendous excitement that gripped the public last February when news of Italy's military measures against Abyssinia were made known. Not only the Abyssinian population but members of non-Italian embassy staffs all asked, 'What does Italy want, and why is it arming against Abyssinia since the Abyssinian Government has already announced that it is ready to bring the Ual Ual dispute before the World Court and abide by its verdict?' Abyssinians young and old were profoundly disturbed.

When the news of Germany's rearmament was made public in the middle of March, both the Europeans and the natives breathed more easily in the hope that Italy was now tied to Europe and would abandon further preparations against Abyssinia. But alarm increased when Italy continued to ship troops, special workers, and war materials of the most modern variety to Eritrea and Somaliland in increasing numbers. Although the frontier situation was growing more critical, the Government at Addis Ababa kept cool. It turned to Geneva requesting intervention by the League and refrained from mobilization. The police received strict orders to avoid any controversy with Europeans, espe-

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cially with Italians, and to protect foreigners, especially the missionaries, who are most numerous in the interior.

On March 13 representatives of Abyssinia and the commander of the Italian frontier troops signed an agreement to pacify the Ual Ual zone and to avoid further incidents. They established a neutral zone forty kilometres wide between Gerlogubi and Ado. The Abyssinian Government then availed itself of the services of the Swiss topographer, Hans Bickel. This disappointed the Italian frontier commander since there was no Italian topographer, and he protested against a foreign neutral collaborating. Nevertheless, the neutral zone was maintained on the Abyssinian side.

Not until the second half of March did the Abyssinian Government decide on mobilization, and even to-day no one wants a war with Italy. All informed circles know well enough that Abyssinian losses in a war against Italy would be tremendous. Abyssinia has very few trained troops with modern weapons, and the lovely photographs of Abyssinian soldiers in trenches handling machine guns are mere window dressing. The Abyssinian troops, if the word can be applied to undisciplined hordes, are very primitively equipped. Their 'uniform' consists of a shirt, a loin cloth, a tunic with long sleeves, and a long cape that is wound around the body and thrown over the shoulders. All these garments are made of thin undyed cotton.

Arms and ammunition consist of a gun, a cartridge belt, and a knife or sword. The men go barefoot and follow their leader, who is mounted on a mule, as nimbly as a pack of weasels. Nobody cheers when the soldiers march through town. These thin, tall, healthy-looking men spend from three to four weeks on foot near the threatened frontier, wearing honest self-conscious expressions. They give the impression that they all know how serious the situation is for them and that there is no good samaritan to protect the integrity of their native soil.

II

The neutral observer cannot escape the conclusion that no Abyssinian dreams of threatening any foreign colonial possession. They would appreciate having their own access to the sea, but every Abyssinian knows that any attempt to gain this end by force would be equivalent to suicide. Furthermore, Italy once offered the Abyssinian Government a free port at Assab in Eritrea, asking in return the concession for building a highway westward into the interior of Abyssinia. For years the Italian Government has also wanted to build a railway from Asmara running south through Abyssinia, passing west of Addis Ababa and then taking a south-easterly direction to the port of Mogadiscio in Italian Somaliland. That this concession was never granted was due to the activities of France and England.

Now the Abyssinian Government has mobilized, too. But, compared with Italian preparations, the deliveries of arms and ammunition that Abyssinia is receiving are very modest. Except for a small number of anti-aircraft guns and a few machine guns, the Abyssinians have no modern weapons, offensive or defensive. They possess no gas masks, for instance. They have barely a half-dozen old transport planes to provide them with

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air defense, and their chief pilots are French. Their information services are also very primitive. Under these circumstances, it is easy to understand that the Abyssinians are determined not to attack under any circumstances and will retire into the mountains if Italy takes the offensive.

There is no such thing as hostility to foreigners in Abyssinia. For many years the country has been a place of refuge for men in danger of their lives, especially criminals, so that it is no wonder that the Government is chary of foreigners. Nevertheless, honest capable foreigners can find employment with native concerns, and they have access to government jobs of every description. Moreover, the Italians have held their jobs and go about their business unhindered. The Italian embassy has taken upon itself the task of sending a few unemployed Italians back to Eritrea.

The present Emperor Hailé Selassié has tried to modernize his country's constitution ever since he came to the throne. Mr. E. A. Colsen, an American, has served as financial adviser for seven years, and a Swiss lawyer named Auberson has served as legal adviser in the consular court. The Government is prepared to grant concessions to foreigners if its independence is not threatened in consequence. Thus, on May 3, 1935, a concession was signed with a Swiss group to build a highway 750 kilometres long running from Addis Ababa westward to the Sudan as a continuation to the railway that now terminates in the capital. This road will provide a link between the Gulf of Aden and the network of airways and railways in the Sudan, it will bind together provinces that are rich in natural wealth and will make possible the transport of goods and passengers from the Sudan.

Italy's demands, as they are understood here, cover the district of Dankali, lying west of Eritrea, as well as the district that extends northwest from Italian Somaliland to the foot of the mountain district south of Harar. These demands may also include a concession for building a highway southward from Asmara, which lies north of Aduwa, along the new border crossing the French railway at Diredawa, northwest of Harar, and continuing through Harar southeast to the port of Mogadiscio. It is assumed in Addis Ababa that the Italians also want to have charge of the Abyssinian postal, telephone, and telegraph service and perhaps of the police.

The Abyssinian Emperor, who has impressed all foreigners as a peace-loving ruler, explains that he is glad to allow foreigners to enter his country if they have no political designs on it and to help them develop it. Because of its untapped natural wealth and rich soil, Abyssinia is undoubtedly capable of rapid development. It is the only country that still opens its doors to foreigners and even permits the citizens of other lands to participate in its economic progress. Switzerland should attempt to take advantage of the open door that still obtains here and should at once establish its own consulate. Many smaller nations have had consular representatives in Addis Ababa for many years.

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A Spanish expert stresses the need for coöperation among land, sea, and air forces in the next world war and patriotically boosts his native autogyro.

The Air War *of To-morrow*

By Carlos Martínez de Campos

Translated from *Cruz y Raya*
Madrid Liberal Monthly

In 1914 long-range action by air was an unsuspected method of warfare. The first flight over the English Channel had taken place only five years before, and no one dreamed then that the terrestrial front might cease to be an impenetrable barrier to all sorts of aggressors. Mobilization and concentration of belligerent armies proceeded, as in previous wars, without assistance from the air forces, which at that time consisted of a few observation squadrons of extremely problematical efficiency.

The opposing forces clashed, but bombardments of the enemy's rear began only after a month of hesitation. On August 30—a hot, enervating Sunday—the first German plane flew over Paris: a Taube, which the people watched through opera glasses without attaching importance to it. Three weeks later two English planes flew from Ypres to Düsseldorf, a distance of four hundred kilometres, to bombard a Zeppelin station in the latter city.

But, when technical progress began its dizzying career, the man on the street began to observe the intruders less eagerly. Day by day motors gained in power; airplanes gained in speed. Bombs became heavier, and their explosives more effective. Each raid produced more casualties, and, when people heard the roar of the great steel birds, they did not gaze upward to admire their majesty but dove into fortified dug-outs for fictitious protection.

The first Taube planes were succeeded by the Aviatik. The Voisin planes followed the Farman; later came the Caproni. Finally, the Gothas, which were always supported by great dirigibles, formed the core of the air attacks on London.

Long-range action grew more in-

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tense every time the opposing forces tried a new tack in their operations. 'Counter-attack!' cried the high command of one side when it initiated a series of bombardments more intense than those before. 'Reprisals,' groaned the press of both sides when the enemy launched a new action. But these counter-attacks and reprisals were always followed by others, until no one knew who was in the right and who was the aggressor. One thing, however, became very clear: air bombardments alone could not decide the outcome of the War. The civilian population had rapidly become hardened. Anti-aircraft measures were developed intensively, and the great raids, far from yielding the expected results, frequently ended in a more or less crushing defeat for those who had organized them.

There were isolated instances of tragedy. During Good Friday services, a huge projectile exploded inside a Paris church, killing many people who were certainly praying to the Almighty to interpose His goodness between men who were warring with one another. On the other side of the frontier, several bombs that had been aimed at a near-by munition dump fell on a circus-tent that was full of German mothers and children, who were trying for a moment to forget the horrors of war. Both accidents were the result of errors in calculation —of incomprehensible mistakes or of atmospheric conditions—and did not express the desires of the raiders. One cannot think otherwise. But it is evident that just such deeds led to increasingly cruel and savage reprisals.

The Armistice brought a pause. For a moment it seemed that even the victors would renounce their air forces as instruments of offensive warfare. All kinds of air attacks were to be avoided in the future. Some means of outlawing poison gas was to be zealously sought. But the results of all these efforts are uncertain. There is no agreement that does not make reservations, and, when the moment arrives to proscribe such attacks, the military technicians themselves can not determine what arms are offensive and what arms are defensive.

II

Meanwhile, aërodynamics and airplane construction progressed, and each nation applied the advantages derived: France, Italy, and Great Britain perfected their military air forces; Germany and the United States rapidly developed their commercial air forces. The airplane manufacturers now offer machines that can leap the ocean, and, in spite of the small demand for such planes, glory is offered to the highest bidder who will expose his life for the benefit of the trade.

The epoch of great flights has begun. War pilots find new fields to conquer in time of peace. A single airplane crosses the Atlantic for the first time. Soon afterward comes the first round-trip flight by a squadron. The great machines do not hesitate to extend their range of action, and, though the attendant publicity does not sell the new airplanes, it at least sets the layman to juggling fabulous figures concerning the power of motors and the distances covered and leads him insensibly to wonder if these same flights could not be achieved by planes loaded with bombs or full of incendiary weapons. Little by little,

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there arises the dreadful menace of the next war, which will erupt with the suddenness of a waterspout, when air bombardments of all kinds will decide the outcome of the conflict before the armies and navies can even be concentrated.

With this spectre before them, the different nations try to nationalize their aviation industries. But the necessity of keeping up to date gives rise to the policy of the air prototype: the best airplane of each kind, which no one dares to put into mass production because it would be outmoded so soon.

Air Ministers let their prices be known without committing themselves on quantities. They authorize airplane sales abroad in order to develop the industry, and, in order to assure victory, they submit the various factories to inconceivable economic tortures. Moreover, if an air force is to be ready to rise at any moment, it must be mobilized in peacetime. The Great Powers therefore propose increases every year and awaken the sport-loving instincts of the generation that is not yet thirty-five years old. The air ranks gradually fill up and slowly begin to form into the third fighting arm, which in time will exercise complete control over the other two.

But we must not overlook the fact that the great peacetime flights are made under special conditions. In the first place, the best day and hour are chosen with special regard to detailed weather reports about the route. In the second place, the flights are made at the most convenient height without any thought of enemy lines or anti-aircraft guns. Finally, only the latest models are chosen—the motors are brand new and are loaded with enormous supplies of gasoline and oil that occupy all the space, a large part of which in wartime would be given over to weapons of defense or attack.

An effective bombardment, on the other hand, must be carried out by planes loaded with munitions and explosives, without which the flight would be useless. In 1918 D'Annunzio tried to raid Vienna, but, since in those days aviation was not well enough developed for such an excursion, he was forced to substitute paper proclamations for bombs. The flight was a great success. It is said to have had a considerable moral effect, but it could hardly serve as an example for the raids that must take place in the next world war.

The airplanes and hydroplanes of the future must be equipped to demolish the enemy's bases and supplies, to fire his barracks and stations, and to destroy his bridges and hangars. Lined up on the flying field, they must be loaded with enough gas and oil to climb a bit, reach their goal, battle with the existing winds, and return to their base. The necessary kilogrammes of munitions to destroy the targets will have been calculated beforehand, and this number, divided by the capacity of each machine, will decide the number of airplanes needed to make up the expedition.

III

Statistics of peacetime flights are very different from those that must be estimated in wartime. For instance, during the Italian manœuvres of 1931—the first large-scale experiments in the history of aviation—the peninsula was divided into two great

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enemy zones, north and south, of equal size and power. The exercises not only attempted to test the skill of the pilots and the mobility of large units but also tried to produce a spectacle of air strength for the benefit of other Powers and to justify, in the eyes of the Italian people, the measures adopted for defense. The review of the hydroplanes in La Spezzia, of the land planes in Ferrara, the mock bombardment of Milan, and so on were spectacles that will linger in the memories of those who witnessed them, but, if we examine the programme of the exercises more carefully, we see that the capital, as well as other important cities in the south—Naples, Palermo, and Bari—were not treated to the same nocturnal displays that Genoa, Florence, and all the cities lying near the so-called 'front' enjoyed.

The reason is simple. The planes had to carry full equipment and were loaded with the necessary bombs to insure the grandeur of the spectacle. They had to fly carefully, allow themselves a margin to cross the Apennines, and be ready to return in the face of an unfavorable wind. The result was that the great S-55 planes, which had successfully crossed the Atlantic, never ventured more than two hundred miles from their base.

In a wartime operation, safety will be ignored, but, on the other hand, reaching one's target will assume greater importance. There will be less worry about the time factor but more about anti-aircraft and machine guns. Instead of calculating a safe return, one must concentrate on delivering one's load of bombs.

Furthermore, even the peacetime flights have yielded varying results. The crossing of the Atlantic—and forgive us for insisting on such a trite theme—is not considered a settled matter. Judging by the successes of most of the aviators who have attempted it and the triumphal receptions given them by various nations, it would seem that most of the difficulties have been smoothed away, yet a not inconsiderable part of the task still remains to be done.

When Lindbergh searched for an air route between Canada and Scotland, passing over Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, and the Shetland Islands, he found any number of places where airports could be established if ice and intense cold did not prevail for the greater part of the year. Nobody has yet dared to establish a direct commercial route between Europe and North America. Since there are no intermediate natural stations, artificial ones have been contemplated—the Seadrome Ocean Dock Corporation has recently launched a loan of thirty million dollars to build the first floating islands on the Atlantic.

Between South America and the African coast France calls the tune. The transatlantic flights of the French planes are becoming more frequent, but this has not prevented the Germans from anchoring their ancient transport, the *Westfalen*, in mid-ocean fully equipped to let fly the hydroplanes that rest upon it.

But we must remember that in the field of air navigation events march at a uniformly accelerated speed. On dry land 'to-morrow' may mean a hundred years hence, but, when it comes to the air, before we utter the word we must ask ourselves whether 'to-day' is not more appropriate. The flights of Italo Balbo could not be

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made under war conditions, but no one can guarantee that the next great war will not begin with even greater flights than his.

IV

Let us suppose that Alandia, an imaginary Power, has been influenced by the theory that one must mass in the air to conquer on land. It has therefore constructed a formidable fleet of bombers. Its high command has planned the immediate destruction of all the enemy's coverts, shelters, and hangars, thereby cutting off the retreat of most of the planes of the opposing army, and it is prepared to destroy once and for all the factories, repair shops, training fields, and all centres related to the construction of enemy airplanes. Finally, it hopes that the land and sea forces of the enemy will lose their morale and that the enemy population, menaced and helpless, will refuse to undergo a harrowing series of bombardments.

Belandia, on the other hand, is less impulsive than its neighbor and has watched the latter's preparations. It possesses some planes capable of long-range action, but most of its machines are pursuit planes, extremely swift, light, and easy to control, and they are well enough armed to repulse an adversary at any given moment. It is not prepared to dominate the air, but it aspires to control the airways of its adversary in the fighting zone and thus allow time for its army and navy to concentrate on the front while its great cities, naval bases, supplies, and factories, parks and airdromes, bridges and railroad stations are safe from air attack. Belandia is convinced that in this way it can avoid the crisis of the first few days and enter the conflict in the air under favorable conditions.

But the fact that Belandia is contented with local and temporal supremacy does not mean that its aviation forces will be negligible. The more its planes exceed Alandia's planes in speed, the lighter they will be, the smaller their load of gasoline, and the less freedom of movement they will enjoy. The various defense units will be stationed in the most menaced zones, where they will be on the alert, ready to fly at a moment's notice, but, since their radius of action is very small, they will be able to fly only when the enemy is close at hand.

But the Belandian army and navy can function only if the sky is clear and there are no insolent enemy planes trying to attack its columns of marching men. Furthermore, Belandia must reconnoitre, observe, and study the intentions of its adversary and must therefore control the sky. It must have auxiliary airplanes with its ships and armies and give them hegemony over the air, and for this reason its pursuit planes must be superior to its enemy's. As Belandia is an imaginary country, it is hard to say just what planes are at its disposal, but the world market at present offers an Amacchi, a Nieuport, an Avro, a Junkers, a Fokker, which travel at speeds of more than 350 kilometres an hour, and we should also add that Belandia has devoted her main energies to building pursuit planes.

As far as methods of combat are concerned, it seems that the style usually associated with the exploits of the Richthofens, the Guynemers, and the Baraccas will remain in vogue. This means coming as close as

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possible to the enemy and firing until he is brought down. In 1918 a pursuit plane, flying two hundred kilometres an hour, could accomplish its purpose in two seconds, but the acrobatic evolutions that such a low speed permitted enabled the aviators to come out unscathed, and a well-piloted pursuit plane could nearly always bring down an adversary. A single English squadron, number 151, which abandoned the defense of London and remained in France for the last fifteen days of the War, brought down more than twenty-five German bombers without incurring the slightest damage. We also recall the achievements of the Balls, the Immelmanns, and the Foncks, whose victories in the air are numbered by the dozen.

V

To-day, on the other hand, at a speed of nearly four hundred kilometres per hour, we cannot foretell what will happen. The ratio between the speed of the bombers and the pursuit planes remains the same, but the pursuit plane will have less time to win, and its adversary will have better defenses, for we know on good authority that nearly all the Belandian planes are equipped with small cannon, which fire projectiles weighing more than 500 grammes that explode when they touch a single thickness of stretched cloth. The pilots of the next war will not be able to patch their wings and count the bullet holes made by the enemy. Fighting will be more in earnest, if possible; fire will be more powerful, and the methods of combat will certainly change.

Yet, in spite of the growing independence of the air force, a moment comes when it must coöperate with land or sea action. Once the air forces are in action, they will work continuously, and, whatever the functions of the different units may be, they must always harken to the calls of those on land and reinforce them. We have seen aviators making exploratory flights over the desert, reconnoitring to find an oasis, and then waiting until camel patrols arrived with gasoline before landing. Every desert flight depends on the coöperation of these two forces: the one slow and halting, the other very swift, for the camels, far from sinking in the sand as a landing airplane might do, reveal by the depth of their tracks whether a zone is suitable for landing.

Europe does not offer such striking examples of mutual assistance, but it is evident that all future wars will be based on the most intense coöperation between the air and land forces. In short, the army and navy must have a special air nucleus reserved for them, for, in addition to general coöperation, transports must be watched, connecting links maintained, and observation and exploration continued.

Reinforcement, coöperation, and direct aid are the three essential ways in which aviation takes part in battle. Each nation interprets these forms in its own way, and each concedes to them a different relative importance. But, at bottom, the whole world agrees on the necessity of these three functions and tries to coördinate them.

England was the first country to make its air forces independent. The preponderance acquired by anti-aircraft defense in comparison with other branches of aviation and the ease with which all manufacture and

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piloting can be unified, led to the creation of an Air Ministry at a time when no one thought of such a solution. As a result, English aviation to-day includes a defensive system of the interior, called Home Defense, a branch of aviation that coöperates with the army, called Army Coöperation, and a branch known as the Coastal Area, which defends the coast and is linked to a certain extent with the Naval Air Service, which is in the command of the Admiralty.

Up to now Home Defense has been the chief preoccupation of the country. Just as everybody in England used to oppose building a tunnel under the Channel for fear of invasion, so to-day the possible transformation of Germany's commercial aviation into bombing squadrons and the fear of having the most populous cities destroyed justify the efforts of Great Britain to create an anti-aircraft defense suitable to her geographical position. It has been necessary to carry on a violent campaign to convince the members of both houses that long-range action is a necessary preventive measure. Large bombers have been sanctioned only as a counter-offensive arm and have been accepted by the members on condition that they will not be employed in any direct attack.

Italy closely follows the English example. But, when an independent air force was organized, it included from the start all elements of pursuit, bombardment, and reconnoitring. The air force was given the character of an armada that could protect itself, dominating the sky by its own might. It had enough strength to fight and enough speed to retire from the danger zone in mass formation, and it was placed under the command of the chief of all the air, sea, and land forces so that it could be used either as an independent force or as a factor in a land battle.

A great part of the Italian force consists of hydroplanes, for Italy has not only an extensive coastline but numerous lakes large enough to serve as provisional or permanent refuges for planes that have strayed too far from their bases. Italian reconnoitring squadrons are called 'Aviation of the Army.' They can observe troop movements and other lesser functions, but they must be reinforced by planes from the independent force whenever important tasks are at hand. Italy's naval aviation branch is small, and the navy consequently complains of the lack of coöperation it receives from the air, but that arises from the precocious independence that Italian aviation as a whole has assumed.

VI

France, on the other hand, begins her air career with the most impressive system of coöperation between aviation and other branches of the service that the world has ever seen. Its army is in a better position to win than any other because it has learned that it must advance, not inch by inch, but by a series of spaces that are marked off by the vertical lines of contact between land and air. The French are better equipped to know what their adversary is doing, to aid their own artillery, and to defend the sky over their heads. But certain air extremists in that country have become discontented with this state of affairs and have preached to the four corners of the earth that airplanes

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are of no use whatever in a battle taking place on the ground, for the simple reason that, once the different army bases are destroyed from the air, such a battle would probably never take place.

The Air Ministry, to which this idea gave birth, therefore began absorbing everything related to naval and military aviation. Later, however, it perceived that these forces needed a certain amount of autonomy, and a decree was published toward the end of 1932, classifying the marine air force into the following groups: planes carried by ships, planes coöperating with the navy not carried by ships, and autonomous naval aviation. The first group includes machines on board warships and sea carriers, the second group includes hydroplanes distributed along the coast,—Saint-Raphaël, Berre, Hyères, and Bizerte on the Mediterranean, and Brest and Cherbourg on the Atlantic,—and the third group includes the airplanes that are devoted to the direct defense of the ports and the coast in general.

Planes carried on ships are under the absolute control of the Marine Ministry, the second group has been placed by the Air Ministry at the disposition of the Marine Ministry, but the autonomous naval aviation branch is exclusively controlled by the Air Ministry.

The United States is the only country that has maintained immediate contact between the army and the navy. An air force has been established in principle, but all airplanes are not under one command. American military, naval, and commercial aviation are mutually complementary and still retain their independence. The Americans frankly admit that land aviation must operate as an element of the army and that naval aviation must be constantly concerned with the navy. But there are three factors that compensate for the lack of unity: the Joint Army and Navy Board, which considers political questions and strategic coördination; the Aëronautical Board, which is concerned with tactics and operations; and the National Advisory Committee, which conducts research.

Thus, the different countries have different solutions, but each tends toward the same end: to discover how to operate independently, how to coöperate with the land and sea forces, and how to aid them in their respective engagements.

VII

Up to now aviation has been subjected to a severe handicap: the contour of the land and the state of the sea. Without the wide deck of a sea carrier or a relatively calm sea or without a large landing field, airplanes must depart for battle from a great distance and with all the inconveniences of lost time and lost morale when they cannot land.

To-day, however, the autogyro, the invention of the Spaniard, Juan de la Cierva, opens a new field of operation above sea and land. The autogyro can take off freely from the bridge of a cruiser or a small piece of flat ground and bring the immediate aid that airplanes have given in the past. Moreover, the day may come when it will be able to achieve the speed of the present airplanes.

The autogyro is gradually gaining ground in spite of the unconscious resistance to it on the part of pilots

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and airplane manufacturers. Its fundamental principle was recognized in 1922, the Cierva Autogyro Company was created in 1926, the first Channel flight took place in 1928, the American Autogyro Company appeared in 1929, three years later the autogyro engaged in military manœuvres, and in 1934 was acclaimed by Spain during an air tournament. To-day, this device can maintain itself in the air at any velocity between fifteen and two hundred kilometres an hour, thus eliminating nearly all the accidents caused by loss of speed.

The pilot of an ordinary airplane can easily take over an autogyro, and, in general, the latter is more easily handled than the traditional airplane. But this is the precise reason for the silent and understandable opposition to the autogyro on the part of most pilots, for they feel that their prestige would be threatened if anybody could wear the badge of their profession.

The disadvantages of the autogyro should not be overlooked, but, if a tenth of the efforts devoted to the development of aviation had been given to the autogyro, it probably would now have attained a horizontal velocity ranging between zero and four hundred kilometres an hour and should be able to carry as heavy loads as the great transport planes.

However, even in its present stage of development, the autogyro can be considered an excellent means of contact and observation. Artillery fulfills one function, infantry another. When the high command maps the situations of troops and drives, it has an extremely effective auxiliary in the autogyro, which can fly close to the ground or maintain itself at great heights. It can pause over a target, observe in all directions, and, on return, land close to the post occupied by the commander of its movements.

The first autogyro ascended gradually like an airplane. The present one mounts at an incline of twenty degrees, which is sufficient for all military services no matter what the character of the country. In naval work the autogyro eliminates the catapult—a machine of respectable dimensions, whose weight and lodging could be occupied to advantage by new torpedoes or anti-aircraft guns. Moreover, it can accompany the fleet at the speed of the cruiser without having to double back and forth to compensate for its excess velocity.

Finally, the autogyro represents an extraordinary economy and, in certain cases, increased independence. It will not be long before we see it take over, one by one, all the functions that the airplane now fulfills.

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Here are two up-to-the-minute studies of two unreconstructed rebel states—defeated Germany and defeated Bulgaria.

Partners *in* Desperation

STUDIES IN DEFEATISM

I. THE DELUDED REICH

By DR. MAX BEER

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

THE insecurity that now fills the world and the fear that another great war may suddenly break out do not have their sources in the political situation alone. Undoubtedly, everyone is now agreed that the post-war period, that is, the epoch of the liquidation of the last War, with all its diplomatic and ideological patterns, is closed and that we are again entering a pre-war period, that is, an epoch in which the transcendent issue is averting the next war or getting ready for it. The efforts of cabinets are no longer exclusively directed toward preserving an advantageous peace and improving a disadvantageous one. They are also promoting favorable conditions for war and preventing unfavorable ones. The horrible human and cultural misfortune of war interests them less than the dreadful military and political prospect of defeat.

But can the insecurity and anxiety of this period explain the orientation of statesmen and public opinion? If faith in the League of Nations, belief in a peaceful settlement of the differences that arose from the last World War, and hope for universal disarmament have all disappeared, a frank return to the old policy of alliances—which, in its way, was never given up—is also impossible. Nor can rearmament of one sort or another provide a lasting defense against the danger of war. The legally organized

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peace that the post-war period vainly tried to create is doubtless preferable to the armed peace of the pre-war period. But, in keeping an armed peace, nations have enjoyed long periods of security and freedom from anxiety, even though the catastrophe ultimately arrived.

Why is it that the nations to-day have as little faith in alliances and giant armies as they have in legal systems and disarmament conferences? Let us, first of all, fix in mind a fact that illuminates the present position of the world. When one speaks of the danger of war, one nowhere believes that it could originate in France or England. Nor do many people imagine that Italy or Soviet Russia will seize an early opportunity for war. Even the notion that Japanese imperialism might utilize the present international confusion for warlike plans belongs in the realm of speculation. Finally, the Third Reich, which has devoted its whole being to militarism and imperialism, is not always desirous of war.

In spite of the spiritual and physical militarization of the younger generation, one cannot really put any credence in the theory that the broad masses of the German people want war. Although the Reichswehr exploited the military opportunities that the National-Socialist régime created, it does not count on any lust for foreign conquest in the German people: it is much more inclined to the view that the new German army should be trained in peace and order. Just now it seems unlikely that the German economic and financial world —in other words, the German economic and financial dictator—dreams of an attack. Of course, the German Foreign Minister and his diplomats have scarcely anything to say; nor does the '*Führer und Reichkanzler*,' in spite of his Napoleonic bearing and his fantastic book, his alternate moods of elation and depression, figure as a really warlike individual. And when, in quite recent weeks, the news filters through, from good Berlin sources, that that Minister of many portfolios, General Göring, wants an early, joyous war and, with that end in view, is looking for all sorts of fabulous new instruments of war, people in the capital remain skeptical and often conclude that the great military bustle and drive is in large part bluff.

Be this as it may, people are inclined, on the whole, to ask: 'Even if the Third Reich wants war and is feverishly preparing for it, is n't the diplomatic solidarity and the united defense of the rest of the world enough to banish the war danger? And, on the other hand, is n't Germany's rise to power a guarantee that its adversaries will draw back when confronted with warlike threats?'

But all these logical considerations do not eliminate the fear of war or of the Third Reich as the future peace-breaker.

For this apparent contradiction there is but one explanation, and it deserves prime consideration. Realities can act as sedatives, but, while the whole world founds its political principles on realities and strives for realities, it becomes increasingly clear that there is one nation in which the sense of the reality that exists to-day becomes increasingly subordinate to an extraordinary, an inexplicable capacity for self-delusion.

The great danger to peace does not lie in the fact that the Third Reich is

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pursuing a policy the goal of which is war but in the fact that the Third Reich is pursuing a policy of self-deception. The aims and purposes of Germany's rulers extend beyond the borders of normal political thought and computation. With both feet planted squarely on realities when they are building a motor highway, inventing a gun, or concluding a commercial treaty, the German statesmen flutter in the rosy mists of the dreamy infinite as soon as they begin advancing their own political plans or exploring the plans of others. With a determination that a non-German cannot understand, they break through the thin walls that separate the possibility from the wish. They are chess players who have planned their own game on the basis of a given series of moves by their opponent and continue to play without ever stopping to consider that their opponent may change his moves. Their stiff logic, which takes into consideration only their wishes and interests, is the most illogical in the world. And, since people outside the Third Reich do not understand how this happens yet perceive that these events constitute a real factor in world politics, they lose all faith in their own realities, and dangerous surprises then occur because the opponents follow different plans. That is the real basis of the present uneasiness and anxiety.

II

The fantastic capacity for self-deception of the German foreign policy is no invention of the Third Reich. We saw it in the pre-war period, during the War, and after the War was over. Everyone knows how staggered Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg was by England's entry into the War, yet the whole world knew that England's participation in the struggle could not be prevented or was, at least, extremely probable. Only the Germans, because they needed and wanted a neutral England, could not believe that England would go in.

Everyone knows how persistently the German rulers counted on the collapse of England as a result of the U-boat campaign, how fantastically they hoped for American neutrality, what they expected from the Orient, from Ireland, from the Ukraine, and how naïvely they gave themselves over to illusions about the peace after all their illusions about the War had been wrecked. Nothing was clearer to them than that, after they had become powerless, both in a military and a political sense, all the blessings of Wilson's Fourteen Points would suddenly fall into their laps. On the heels of their faith in the power of Ludendorff followed an equally groundless faith in the generosity of Wilson.

The German Republic was also a victim of political hallucinations. Government circles were dominated by the hope that Germany might make a quick return to power through the help of a great world coalition against Bolshevism and fight side by side with France in the front line trenches. The people dreamed of great new instruments of war: President Ebert, as if already a '*führer*,' believed that all his enemies would fall in the dust if he cracked their skulls. But the great success of the German Republic, which made possible the slow and steady rebuilding of the nation, the

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evacuation of the Rhineland, the return to the European concert of Powers, arose from the fact that persons and classes came into office who could think in terms of realities. And it is no accident that Stresemann, the only great German statesman of the post-war period, passed, like Bismarck, for a 'realist,' something very rare in German politics and all the more conspicuous for that very reason. But people also know that Stresemann's realistic policy was put into effect only because he understood how to play upon his fellow countrymen's need for illusions.

After Stresemann's death and before the emergence of the Third Reich, when Foreign Minister Curtius and the Foreign Office were attempting a so-called 'active' German foreign policy, they again drifted into the open sea of illusions. Few people know how unrealistic was the basis on which the mortifying and disastrous adventure of the Customs Union with Austria was based. We were convinced that France would accede to the plan of the Customs Union because it was 'firmly nailed' to Briand's pan-European ideas. Everyone 'knew perfectly well' that Czechoslovakia would be forced to join the Union by virtue of some mysterious law of gravity. We believed in the fictitious notion that the Customs Union was not only a two-sided affair but a collective project that would be accomplished secretly and that Lithuania's support was 'assured.' Italy was completely forgotten. Then, when the plan encountered the opposition of the entire world, the failure was attributed solely to the 'slackness' of the Austrians and the 'infamy' of the French.

This fatal capacity for illusion reached its high point with the arrival of the Third Reich. The movement to which it owes its existence was born in the realms of unreality. Its doctrine of foreign policy, as defined by Hitler in his book, *Mein Kampf*, is a policy of illusions. The goal set forth in that book is an illusory one—to crush France in order to retain a free hand in the east, where, on the ruins of Russia and the border states, new regions may be conquered for settlement by Germans. Under the pressure of responsibility, such aims will presumably be toned down or abandoned, but the boundless capacity for self-deception, which is revealed in all trains of German official thought, remains: the dream of an alliance with Italy, the vision of an alliance with England, the fundamental idea that one nation, fused into a mighty national bloc, can in all circumstances achieve her ideals without any decisive opposition whatever from the other nations concerned.

Important also is the fabulous madness that simply blots out the reality of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and sets up the legends of early German times as guide posts to foreign policy; the crazy dream of going Charlemagne one better. And the overemphasis of 'the sword ready to strike' as the solution of all problems is also significant.

III

But these politics of self-deception are not peculiar to the doctrines of the Third Reich. They intrude in everyday life. When M. Daladier in 1933 and M. Laval in 1935 addressed halfway polite or moderate words to

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Germany, the rulers in Berlin whispered, 'He is our man.' When a group of Croix de Feu veterans declared themselves Fascists, the German rulers cry for joy, 'France is on the verge of civil war!' When two French and three English papers happen to give space to leading articles that are friendly to Germany, her rulers exult, 'World opinion is for us!' forgetting the pains this achievement has cost them. And, when any official of the League of Nations whispers bad-tempered remarks about the French delegation to some German journalist, Germany's rulers are convinced that the League, far from censuring Germany for her rearmament, will press France into a position of comparative isolation because of her appeal to the Council.

The rulers of Germany have a great information-gathering apparatus; but they almost always learn only what they think they already know. They make contacts with all possible places and persons; but they never guess what effect they are having on those they converse with. They have invented autarky of thought and speech. They always hear only what they themselves say, and they never see anything but the image their own mirrors show. The proportions warp, the colors run together . . . Their view of the world is a dream.

German policy was often a policy of self-deception. But what makes the self-deceptive policy of the Third Reich so sinister is the fact that precisely that policy is at stake: all the restraints decreed during previous régimes are reduced or abolished. Where are parliament and the press? Where is party politics? Where is independent industry? Where is the knowledge of the world outside Germany, which once served to mitigate the capacity for self-deception that is so instinctive with the German?

When self-deception not only roams the corridors of government buildings but sits on the throne and rules, the time may come when there is no longer any hope of escape. In good faith and astonished at the world's lack of understanding, self-deception then believes itself to be Right, Wisdom, Power, and Victory. And, if the veils are rent and illusion sees itself for what it is, the awakening is even more dangerous than the dream. Because the Germans of 1914 were convinced that Britain would remain neutral, they cried for four years, '*Gott strafe England.*' What will they shout when their present illusions are shattered?

Yes, unrest and anxiety ring the world around—unrest and anxiety, shared, we know, by all clear-seeing patriots, even in Germany. These fears arise from the fact that in the midst of a Europe of reality there rises an island of illusions. Whether the League or the old system of alliances, disarmament or equality of armament, prevail, the danger of war lurks in every corner when a great nation, a nation of great potentialities, walks in its sleep.

Peace, it is clear, can be preserved only if it proves possible skillfully and deftly to dam a policy of illusions with a policy of realities. The Powers that encircle Germany and that have long shared her responsibility for the present danger are now searching among themselves for a means to build up and preserve just such realities in their own interest. But who protects the German people? It is by no means

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certain, and thence comes all the uneasiness—that such an encirclement of Germany, or, for that matter, a policy of blind attack, is the appropriate method for saving the Reich and the whole world, too, from Germany's illusions. The welfare of Germany cannot, even in extraordinary times, be advanced by force applied from outside. Only if the Germans themselves overcome their capacity for self-delusion, only if they themselves (and this has always come harder to them than to other people) learn the truth and acknowledge it, will they be a Power and preserve peace for themselves and the other nations. But that is a question of domestic politics.

II. The Story of Bulgaria

By Jaime Menéndez

Translated from the *Sol*, Madrid Republican Daily

ANYONE who considers the solution of the last Bulgarian crisis a firm step toward a return to constitutional forms ignores two insuperable obstacles that lie in the path to constitutionality: King Boris and the officers of the Zveno Club—both dominating, dictatorial, and authoritarian influences. Since May 19 of last year, when a small military clique carried out its coup d'état, Bulgaria's political life has been balanced in the hand that was then so generously extended by the reserve officers. These men were the remnants of a movement that declared the independence of Bulgaria in the first Balkan War, that almost threw independence away a few months later and finally abandoned it in a wretched condition after the World War.

But, if it is historically inaccurate to give the army credit for the country's emancipation when, in reality, that emancipation was the result of a general popular movement, it is equally difficult to find any other cause than the army for the state of affairs in which the nation has found itself since. Military intrigues, which began before the last War and continued until they brought about the coup d'état of last year, have been nourished by the Treaty of Neuilly.

In Bulgaria, as in other Central Powers, the army is very much reduced. From a force of 56,000 men before the War and half a million men during general mobilization, there remained, by orders of the Allied Powers, a mere skeleton, organized on a volunteer basis. Most of the officers joined the reserves and from that vantage point employed their genius for conspiracy. Under the direction of Colonels Gheorghieff and Veltcheff, the members of the Zveno Club, which never numbered more than 220, had prepared a reform programme of 'national regeneration,' primarily to restrict the powers of King Boris and emphasize the totalitarian tendencies that were inspired by Italy and were constantly gaining ground. The arrest of Gheorghieff, the ostensible leader of the Club, provoked an uprising that enlisted the support of the standing army. The collaboration of the latter with the Zveno Club was brought about by Veltcheff. Veltcheff had

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formed a connection with the Military League of Active Officers, an organization that is said never to have had more than 300 members although their list contained 2,700 names.

With the coup d'état the Zveno Club brought to the Ministries the ideas and standards of the barracks. The King evinced a desire to abdicate, but he agreed to remain at his post under very humiliating conditions. All political parties of every stamp were dissolved and remain dissolved. At the same time, the formation of new parties was prohibited, and all periodicals, weeklies, and reviews of a political character that did not openly defend the military dictatorship were suppressed.

But the dictatorship, presided over by Gheorghieff, but in reality governed by Veltcheff, soon had ample reason to suspect that it is difficult to rule a country by barrack methods. The policy of pillage, waste, obstruction, ignorance, and favoritism that the Zveno Club had criticized in former governments was continued, aggravated by exhaustion of the country's economic resources. It was then suggested that all kinds of monopolies be established to take care of more or less pressing needs.

One of these monopolies, that of the liquor industry, crystallized the opposition of the peasants, who tried at first to elude regulations by making their own liquors from cherry juice but who soon realized how far a determined government could go. Fiscal agents overran villages and hamlets in search of stills and winepresses until people began to say that so much government was too much government.

Since his own official declarations were censored by Gheorghieff's dictatorship, Boris had no means of expressing his disapproval of the way his country was ruled. But he began to be represented by his friends and partisans as the real victim of an arbitrary régime that held him prisoner in the palace. We all know how people can elude the restrictions imposed on freedom of speech and thought by governments that feel so unstable that they try to appear strong by throttling all the normal means of expression. The ease with which people at first succeed in this fills them with a blind optimism that never leaves them until the very moment when their false confidence is forcibly destroyed.

When Gheorghieff understood that the situation was really delicate, he could not turn back over the road on which he had come. On January 22 of this year he had to make way for a new Government, the product of the same intrigues and machinations that some months before had raised him to the position of a rival of King Boris. Meanwhile, Boris had lost no time. He had moved heaven and earth, taking advantage of the ambitions of another colonel, the young Krun Koleff, to destroy Veltcheff, his true enemy, rather than Gheorghieff. The Government's weakness was better known to itself than to the people, and the proof of this is that the new leader chosen at this juncture was General Zlatteff, Minister of War in the preceding Cabinet.

II

The Zveno Club did not lose its influence by this new arrangement. Although a civilian majority gave the new Cabinet a more democratic ap-

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pearance, it was actually oriented as before and was in substantial agreement with the Fascist tendencies of the Club, which had by now begun to organize the country on the basis of a totalitarian society.

If Fascist programmes as a whole are logically incomprehensible as permanent solutions for the social and political ills of nations, very few of them present the absurd appearance exhibited by the Bulgarian 'totalitarian' movement. In a country where all political parties and organizations are prohibited, no matter what their complexion may be, a scheme of society is being constructed in which the population's seven economic categories are to have equal representation —peasants, workers, manufacturers, artisans, merchants, officers, and clerks and members of the liberal professions. In a country overwhelmingly agricultural, the peasants will have no more to say about the conduct of affairs than the merchants, the industrial workers, the manufacturers, the army officers, or the clerks.

But things are rarely done from mere caprice. This social distribution is definitely aimed at enthroning a privileged caste—the officers of the Zveno Club. If the King puts up too much opposition, a more tractable member of the Club, like Colonel Koleff, will be put forward. The essential thing is to continue the work that has been started and let the country fall into the decay to which it seems historically predestined. The solution of the last crisis, which was brought on by the ineptitude of the present rulers and the internal conflicts that disrupt the cowardly ranks of this group of reserve officers, is a step further in this direction.

The crisis was provoked, as everyone knows, by the internal dissensions of the Zveno Club. Colonel Koleff was annoyed by the growing opposition of Veltcheff, Gheorghieff, and Zankoff, the latter two being the professor and ex-Prime Minister who provide the necessary intellectual ingredient to Fascism. He saw his castles in the air crumbling through the weakness of the Zlatteff Government, and he had sufficient influence to convince the head of the Government to send his most outstanding opponents (who were disrupting the Bulgarian Fascist movement) to the prison of Santa Anastasia on the Black Sea. But he did not dare to have Veltcheff sent. He contented himself for the moment by putting Gheorghieff and Zankoff into what is in reality a solitary concentration camp, confident that he could do more later on. Veltcheff still had too great a following in military circles.

But Koleff guessed wrong. Influenced, undoubtedly, by Professor Zankoff, the civilian Ministers resigned, and the Government fell. The new Government has pompously announced its unquestioned loyalty to the King; but it has also announced that the work begun in May, 1934, will not suffer in the least; that, on the contrary, it will be pursued more vigorously than ever. On the surface this seems like a contradiction. In order to form a strong totalitarian state one must cut out royal privileges and prerogatives. What will the King do? What will his friends do? But, in order to understand the wretched political and social situation of Bulgaria, we must retrace the events of the past twenty years.

As a result of the Treaty of London,

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which ended the first Balkan War on March 30, 1913, Bulgaria was converted from a simple state under the sovereignty of Turkey to an independent nation destined to play a rôle of undoubted importance. Rumania and Serbia at once began to experience reasonable fears. The war that had up until then been waged to destroy or weaken the Ottoman Empire broke out anew to destroy the Bulgarian army's ambitions for hegemony, and, when peace was negotiated in Bucharest a little later, Bulgaria lost part of the territory she had conquered. To the many causes of friction and instability from which the western Imperial Powers had profited was added another—the dissension between nations that owed their existence to the dismemberment of Turkey. When, later, the World War broke out on an infinitely broader canvas, Bulgaria followed wherever her army wished: against the Allies because Serbia and Rumania were on the Allied side and they had humiliated her a year before.

The result was fatal for Bulgaria. All attempts to put the blame for having entered the War on the side of the Central Powers upon the shoulders of King Ferdinand, who had abdicated a year before, proved fruitless. Bulgaria lost western Thrace to Greece, was left without an outlet to the Ægean Sea, and retained only four insignificant pieces of territory along the Yugoslavian frontier. Her army was limited to twenty thousand volunteers and thirteen thousand officers altogether.

Without an army, with reduced territory, but with hopes of dominating Macedonia and Dobruja, Bulgaria once more occupied a secondary position in the Balkans, and her irritation was aggravated by the fact that small groups of Bulgarians lived in the towns of neighboring countries. She also carried a reparations burden of 2,250 million gold francs.

The infinite wisdom of the statesmen gathered around the table at the Peace Conference left the conquered Powers economically destroyed, without resources to attack the grave problems of reconstruction, and with the incubus of a vindictive military caste, which, far from having been weakened, was actually strengthened by the position of favor and privilege in which its recent martyrdom placed it. The Peace Conference left this class also both the time and the means to encourage revisionist propaganda though revision of the Treaty could be achieved only by vengeful measures. And, at the same time, the Peace Conference, in its infinite wisdom, knew enough to leave the defeated Powers with plenty of means for expressing sentiments of vengeance within the borders of their neighbors: it placed under the sovereignty of the victorious neighbors lands inhabited by peoples of other races than their own. In this way it planted the seeds of irredentism in the soil of the victors, while taking care to preserve the ethnic unity of the conquered Powers inviolate. As Bulgaria's population is at least eighty-five per cent Bulgarian, it would be inaccurate to say that she has the same minority problems that give constant trouble to Yugoslavia, Poland, and other victorious countries.

The economic clauses of the Treaty of Neuilly were gradually abrogated. In 1923 the reparations total that Bulgaria was to pay was reduced to a fourth, and the thirty-seven years in

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which they were to be paid were extended to more than sixty. In 1928 Bulgarian reparations were trimmed again, and at the same time the Government obtained under the auspices of the League of Nations a loan with which to reorganize her economy and her finances. The economic condition of the country was critical, especially after the damage caused by a severe earthquake.

III

A sensible foreign policy in the first post-war years would have radically changed the country's situation. The people were clearly disgusted because they had fought on the side of the Central Powers. King Ferdinand's abdication and the crowning of his son Boris III were welcomed with joyous demonstrations. In that brief interval in which Woodrow Wilson's principles of self-determination and self-government of peoples enjoyed a fleeting popularity, the new King was considered a romantic and democratic figure. Young Boris was much more interested in making new speed records in automobile races than in solving the grave problems of state, and this was taken as proof of his indomitable faith in democracy.

At the end of the War there arose in Bulgaria a strong popular movement, headed by Stambouliski, a movement, known as 'Green' socialism, which became the dominating force in the political life of the country and which should have been enough to persuade the victorious Powers that they could safely take steps in Bulgaria to erase the evil memories always left by war. Inspired by the just demands of the great mass of agricultural workers, the 'Green' party came to power ready to hurry aid to the peasantry and to give them official support.

The programme of the party, created by a man who had spent three years in prison for threatening King Ferdinand with death if Bulgaria fought against the Allies, was based on the following principles: first, close collaboration with neighboring countries; second, punishment by fines and imprisonment for the officials who dragged the country into war; third, fulfillment of all obligations imposed by the Peace Treaty in order to end foreign occupation as soon as possible; fourth, aid to the peasantry and expropriation of estates belonging to royalty, the Church, and the great landowners, and the parceling out of this land among the agricultural workers, especially among those refugees who were arriving by the thousands from zones that had fallen under the sovereignty of neighboring countries; fifth, approbation and execution of laws limiting earnings and fixing taxes on luxury and excess incomes; and, sixth, obligatory labor without pay for men, women, and children on necessary public works because of the loss of men and resources in the War.

Stambouliski ruled with a firm hand until 1923, carrying out an extraordinary programme of reform and national reconstruction. But, in that year, growing opposition to his measures, which the privileged classes called 'Communist,' brought about his downfall. A coalition of the extreme Right,—landlords, capitalists, and priests,—aided, doubtless, by international hostility, or at least apathy, and by the magnitude of the obstacles that he set out to overcome caused his defeat. His dictatorial methods, which the ruling classes had vigorously de-

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nounced, gave way to terror and an even more violent dictatorship. Soon after the Stambouliski Government fell, its leader was assassinated. The news of his death surprised the peasantry, who did not raise a finger to save their leader or their party but left the gates open to the ambitious clique that has since ruled the country in a way that presages disaster.

Internationally, Bulgaria is in a serious situation. Macedonia, a fertile region in the valleys of the Estruma and the Vardar, sprawls over the frontiers of three nations—Yugoslavia, Greece, and Bulgaria. Even in the days of Ottoman rule a good deal of pro-Bulgarian propaganda had its origin in Macedonia, and the Treaty of London, which concluded the first Balkan War, left nearly the whole zone to Bulgaria. But the Treaty of Neuilly handed it over to Yugoslavia and Greece, leaving Bulgaria only a corner in which to-day thousands of refugees from the Yugoslav and Greek portions are congregated.

The frequent incursions made, even in recent years, by the Macedonian Comitadjis on Greek and Yugoslav territory prove the gravity of the situation, though at present things are quiet thanks to a split in the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization.

In 1922 Greece, Yugoslavia, and Rumania energetically protested against the frequent disturbances in the frontier towns. In 1924, after the mayor of one of them had just received an additional Greek note, he was assassinated by members of the Revolutoinary Organization. The Greek army arrested seventeen Bulgarians and ordered them to be shot. A year later the League of Nations was obliged to intervene when a Greek band of soldiers entered Bulgarian Macedonia to 'punish the revolutionaries,' who were continuing to operate beyond the frontier. On this occasion a troublesome question was solved by ordering Greece to pay a fine as a 'moral and material indemnity' and by censuring the Sofia Government for not maintaining order.

Incidents of the same nature have repeatedly occurred on the Bulgarian-Yugoslav frontier. In 1926 a band of Macedonians from Bulgaria attacked a Yugoslav village and committed atrocities. This time the matter was solved by the intervention of Rumania and Greece, but the negotiations were unexpectedly interrupted by the murder of a Serbian general.

In recent years the situation has been considerably aggravated by dangerous international rivalries. Since Stambouliski's death, the influence of Italy has been increasing decidedly in Bulgaria. In 1930 King Boris married an Italian princess. The sap that nourishes and inspires the Fascist Bulgarian movement flows in large part from Italy. And Yugoslavia cannot forget that Italy is its historical rival, not only across the Adriatic but also in the Balkans. For Italy already has a base in Albania and has hopes of conquering another in Bulgaria.

Changes that are not totally unexpected in the wider panorama of European politics have somewhat influenced the Balkan situation. Powers that were rivals yesterday are friends to-day. But the real causes of friction have not disappeared, just as the intrigues and international rivalries that provoked the last Bulgarian crisis have not disappeared. They have increased.

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Persons and Personages

Sir Samuel Hoare

By Georg Popoff

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, the new British Foreign Minister, has not received the attention he deserves from the press and the public. People found his appearance undistinguished, his oratorical gifts unimportant, his voice weak. This was because Sir Samuel never knew how to advertise himself and his work. His character is quiet and retiring, and his whole political activity has gone forward silently and almost unobserved. Fleet Street therefore considers him 'uninteresting' and has made a point of paying as little attention to him as possible. This was a mistake that the English press seldom makes, since it rarely ignores major political figures. For Sir Samuel Hoare is in reality neither uninteresting nor unimportant. He is one of the most interesting and important statesmen England possesses to-day.

His career, which has been astonishingly varied, is of the greatest interest, although it has passed unnoticed by the general public. Even if his work were to end to-day, it would stand as an important monument to him and a permanent part of the history of the modern British Empire. Up to now he has devoted his life to three tasks of outstanding importance to modern England. He has studied the Russian problem, the construction of the British air force, and the preparation of the new Indian Constitution. Now that he is taking over his new position as Foreign Minister, his previous activities will become of great value to him. A brief account of what he has done reads like a novel and enables us to gain a clearly outlined character sketch of the new Foreign Minister.

Sir Samuel Hoare was born on February 24, 1880, and is therefore now in his fifty-sixth year. He comes from one of the oldest banking families in England and from his youth has been brought up in the spirit of solidity and conservatism characteristic of the London financial district. Moreover, the Hoares have been Quakers from time immemorial, and on his mother's side, as well, Sir Samuel is descended from two old Quaker families, the Gurneys and the Frys. These two facts must be borne in mind in judging the character of this new head of the Foreign Office. For everything Sir Samuel says and does reveals, on the one hand, the foresight and soundness of the banker and, on the other, the philanthropic and humanitarian spirit of the Quaker.

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Young Sam received the usual education of the ruling class, first attending Harrow and then Oxford at the exclusive New College. He graduated with first honors: he has always been first in everything he has done and has always 'known everything.' But this monotonous tendency to succeed by no means exhausted his many-sided and problematical character. In addition to his wide knowledge, amounting almost to pedantry, he showed a strong love of adventure and even a certain resolution. Not only did he excel in studies, but also in sports, winning his 'blue' in more than one form of athletics. He was an excellent boxer and horseman, and to-day he is a good ice-skater and a bold flier. He loves to travel, and, in spite of his outward appearance of nervousness and shyness, he has always been quick and positive in reaching decisions.

He married Lady Maud Lygon, a daughter of the sixth Earl of Beauchamp, at a comparatively youthful age. He also began his political career early. At twenty-five he was private secretary to the Minister for Colonies and at twenty-nine was representing the district of Chelsea in London as a Conservative member of Parliament. Some years later he also became a member of the London County Council and had a great deal to do with education, housing, and religious problems. He first began to play an outstanding rôle in British politics, though he attracted little attention, when he went on a special mission to Russia shortly after the outbreak of the War and organized and led the British military secret service there.

THE story of this Russian adventure of Sir Samuel Hoare's is very interesting and deserves considerable attention, for it throws a great deal of light on his character and on his political ideology. At the outbreak of the War Sir Samuel went to the front with the Norfolk Yeomanry regiment, with which he had already served, and fought through the whole first winter of the War. Early in 1915 he fell seriously ill and was transported back to England, where he was declared unfit for military service. He spent his months of convalescence learning the Russian language, and, since he brings great will power to everything he does, he mastered it almost completely within a few months. Lord Kitchener discovered this at the very moment when he needed somebody to organize the British military secret service in Russia, and he gave Sir Samuel this delicate and responsible mission.

Sir Samuel spent several years in Russia, often visited the front, traveled up and down the country, and came to know it at first hand. Indeed, there is no question that he understood Russia at that time incomparably better than Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, whose freedom of movement was naturally limited, and the dispatches that

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the British Ambassador sent back to the Government in London concerning the real situation in Russia were based almost entirely on the information that Sir Samuel Hoare and his numerous agents gathered.

As was natural with a man in his position, Sir Samuel established remarkably close connections with all circles in Russia. He was particularly close to the nationalist elements, who regarded Rasputin and the court clique as the root of all evil and were working for a house-cleaning and renaissance by a national uprising. When Rasputin was murdered, Sir Samuel Hoare, whose duty it was to keep posted on everything that happened in Russia, was the first Englishman living there to learn of this important event, and he made vital use of his knowledge. It is this that gave rise to the rumor that he was involved in doing away with the 'Holy Devil,' and the belief became so widespread that the British Ambassador felt compelled to deny it to the Tsar and to assure him of Sir Samuel's complete innocence. After the outbreak of the Bolshevist Revolution, Sir Samuel appeared as one of its most outspoken opponents. He returned to England and was made temporary representative of the High Commissioner of the League of Nations for Russian refugees. To-day in London he has always stood, and still stands, in very close relationship with the White Russian émigrés. Moreover, he makes no secret of his sympathies for the old national Russia.

In the post-war period Sir Samuel Hoare helped overthrow Lloyd George's Coalition Cabinet and played a part of the greatest importance in bringing first Bonar Law and then Stanley Baldwin into power, although the general public knows little of what he did at that time. In the summer of 1922 the orders and honors conferred on the King's birthday aroused resentment among the general public, especially among the Conservatives. Sir Samuel Hoare became the spokesman of this resentment in Parliament, and his criticisms were so effective that they seriously undermined the position of the Coalition Government. Under the leadership of Sir Samuel Hoare, the great majority of Conservatives withdrew from the Government into more or less open hostility. On the day of the historic meeting at the Carlton Club in October, 1922, when Stanley Baldwin brought the Coalition Government to an end, Sir Samuel Hoare had assembled more than a hundred Conservative members of Parliament in his house and pledged them to support Baldwin.

In the purely Conservative Government that was then set up, Sir Samuel Hoare became Air Minister, first without, and then with, a seat in the Cabinet. A new successful chapter in his career then began. When he took over his new position, England's air force was in an utterly rudimentary condition, and Sir Samuel went to work to remedy

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matters. He succeeded in getting the Treasury, the Empire Defense Committee, and the London financial district to support his plans. Under his ægis England began a systematic construction programme of both military and civil planes. After the brief Labor interregnum, Sir Samuel Hoare took over the same office again. He attacked his task with all his power. He made many long flights himself to the Baltic States, the Near East, and even to India. When Labor took office for the second time and he had to quit his post, even his opponents recognized that Sir Samuel Hoare had accomplished wonders in the space of four years and had laid the foundations of England's air power, which has become so important to-day.

Since the National Government was established in the autumn of 1931, Sir Samuel Hoare has held the post of Secretary of State for India. Here he acquitted himself with complete success. His work in behalf of a new constitution for India is well known. It compelled him to go into thousands of details, and, unless all signs fail, he and his assistants have created a draft constitution that will lead India into a better and safer future and that is certainly of permanent historic importance to England.

Sir Samuel's labors for India brought him into numerous and often delicate negotiations with representatives of different races, religions, and parties, and he showed extraordinary diplomatic skill. This circumstance played an important part in his appointment as Foreign Minister. But the knowledge he gained of Europe during his numerous travels and his special gift of languages, which is so rare in any Englishman, played an equally decisive part. Sir Samuel Hoare speaks French, German, Italian, and Russian fluently and has a good knowledge of many other languages. After his return from Russia and before he resumed his seat in the House of Commons, he served during the last year of the War with the British military secret service in Italy and here not only mastered the Italian language but gained first-hand and basic knowledge of the complicated problems of Italy's frontiers, which have become so important to-day. In helping the Russian exiles he traveled almost everywhere in Europe and acquired a particularly good knowledge of Germany and eastern Europe.

All these episodes in his life have broadened Sir Samuel Hoare's horizon and predestined him to his position as leader of British foreign policy at the present moment. In addition to his personal knowledge of the political problems of post-war Europe, he has a one-sided and rather narrow conception of the demands that are laid upon England. This, however, has given him a wider understanding of the grievances and desires of those countries that have been most unjustly treated since the World War. We do not know whether it is fair to say, as many

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people have, that he is anti-French and pro-German. The fact is that Sir Samuel Hoare is far too British, and for that reason his attitude toward foreign questions is still vague. But we certainly know that he has no animosity against the new Germany and that he knows Germany much better than any of his predecessors in the Foreign Office. It is likewise clear from his record that Sir Samuel has no particular liking for Soviet Russia and certainly has a strong dislike of Bolshevism and its world-revolutionary tendencies, chiefly as a result of his years of activity on Indian problems. In short, he is not so free of sympathies and antipathies as that cold fish, Sir John Simon, was.

Sir Samuel Hoare is, so far as we know, the first British Foreign Minister who has a complete mastery of Russia and the Russian language and knows them from the ground up as a result of first-hand experience. And we feel that a better understanding on the part of England of the real character of the Soviet State and its world aims is more advantageous than the contrary.

Conversations with Masaryk

By Max Brod

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, German-Émigré Weekly Published in Paris

In every good book some one passage stands out in the reader's memory. Years hence, when I think back upon *Conversations with Masaryk*, Emil Ludwig's latest work, many aspects of his portrait of the 'thinker and statesman' will emerge, but first of all I know that I shall hear Masaryk saying what he did to Ludwig on the immortality of the soul and life after death.

These words owe their charm both to the keen, unique personality they express and, what is more important, to their soundness. Masaryk explains that eternity begins here, not in the hereafter, and it is respect for the immortal soul of every individual that lies at the basis of the 'religious democracy' of the president of Czechoslovakia. 'Soul versus soul,' he says, using words that are usually applied to football matches, and the directness and naturalness of his method of expression characterizes the man. Ludwig calls this quality 'monumental simplicity.' Moreover, it resides not only in his style of expression, which is so clear and easily understood; it resides in the whole method of thought that Masaryk shares in common with his preceptor, who is so highly revered to-day, the philosopher Brentano. He says that only two of his contemporaries have taught him anything of positively essential importance, his wife and Brentano.

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'Soul versus soul. The eternal cannot be indifferent to the eternal. To my mind, that is the basis of coöperation. If I participate in eternity, I have a measure for my relationships with other men. I assume that everyone is as I am, and I call that religious democracy.'

Everything comes to the fore in these few sentences, all the outstanding qualities that Emil Ludwig recognizes in his conversational partner —concreteness, rational clarity, simplicity, active morality, sly humor, which, in the last analysis, is always ready to grapple at least provisionally with insuperable difficulties and unfulfilled tasks. This special humor takes the part of life, without resignation, without skepticism. 'Whoever loves death is psychically sick and befuddled, for he refers everything to himself.' This is one of the best of Masaryk's sayings.

As the conversation, which will always illuminate my memory, goes forward, humor comes to the fore even when the subject under discussion is the fear of death. How shall we eternal souls live after death? Masaryk postulates 'some kind of progress' even in the hereafter, and such a point of view is peculiarly heartening in our present confused state of mind when everything is infected with the 'inescapable tragedy of the world' and when, according to the latest German fashions in philosophy, the word 'progress' gives rise to a contemptuous smile.

'We cannot discover when the soul first became accustomed to identifying all life with the body. For my own part, I imagine a time that was rather dark, but I do not know how dark. Then people began to believe in a continuation of the life that we know here and now. Naturally I do not conceive of what we call Heaven as the boringly pleasant place it has been described. I have no faith in the maps of Heaven and Hell. Things may often go very hard. I do not know. I imagine a development that is perhaps studded with crises and unpleasantness. Perhaps I think too anthropomorphically. Often I have wondered whether I should meet Plato or Goethe. I believe, but what our future circumstances will be I do not know. In any case, I shall say to Goethe, "I have read all that you have written, and we therefore don't need to talk about that. Tell me something about your experiences."'

I must admit that I could not read any further for a long time after I reached this point. So many rich thoughts anchored me to this passage. I was also amazed by Emil Ludwig's marvelous capacity to lose himself completely in the man he was talking to, letting his subject speak and thus describe himself in his own words. Since I have talked with Masaryk both when he was a professor and when he was president, I can bear witness to Ludwig's accurate and keen-eyed reproduction of Masaryk's tone of voice, his typical gestures, his quickly changing expressions, and, above all, his moments of silence, which are described as follows:—

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'This powerful impression made by a man in his eighties, who tolerates no ceremonies, arises from the fact that he has not unlearned anything since he has been in power but for eighty years has always looked his fellow man directly in the eye. Courage and graciousness give him a distinctive quality, so that there is no need for him either to praise or blame—indeed, he seldom does either. But what puts any one on the *qui vive* is to encounter the silence of this man.'

EMIL LUDWIG'S objectivity and capacity, worthy of a great artist, come to the fore in his book on Masaryk even more plastically than in his conversations with Mussolini. He explains the reason for this. During his conversations with Mussolini, he often had to take opposing views, but with Masaryk he agrees on most points and therefore remains 'almost completely in the background.'

Did he have any part in arranging the imaginary conversation with Goethe? To a certain extent he did. More than any other episode, this reveals Masaryk's honest striving to get at once from theory to practice. 'Philosophy leads me. Action, to me, is planned action.' Masaryk has an insatiable thirst for knowledge and concrete experience. From experience with life, he has arrived at a system that he keeps correcting as a result of new experiences. He maintains an elastic attitude, never allows his faith in certain principles to make him rigid, but always wants to test any idea not only at the writing table but in the stream of life. Thus, he cannot help regarding political activity as a part of philosophy, and the subtitle, 'Thinker and Statesman,' does not mean that the man is divided into separate fields of activity. There is no fixed boundary between empiricism and abstraction in his great life, and therefore there is none in his conversation.

We encounter a great deal of autobiographical material, we discover in his conversations with Emil Ludwig, as in his conversations with Karel Čapek, a great many new details about his childhood, about his difficult years as student and professor, about his struggle over the Königinhofer manuscript and the 'ritual murder' in Polná, about the Agram law suit, and about the revolution that this individual, after profound moral consideration, set in motion against Austria and against the Hapsburg system. But it should be remarked parenthetically that to Masaryk 'revolution' is a philistine affair unless it is the result of mature moral judgment.

Masaryk also loves to describe how he organized the Czechoslovak Legion in Russia, how he lived among the soldiers who considered that his courage made him impervious to wounds, while at the same time they laughed at his hat, and he goes back also to the time before he held high office. One of these little stories evidently gave Masaryk as much pleasure

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as it did the author of the book. 'Let me tell you a most unmilitary story about how I first became conscious of the presidency. I have never told it to anyone. A detachment of sailors were standing in front of my hotel in New York to greet me for the first time as the head of the State as I was about to take ship. This was announced to me, and the next minute I was out the back door and off.'

The unsentimental quality of such an episode would amount to nothing but a characteristic accident if it did not lie in the bloodstream of our hero's whole realistic, or anti-romantic, conception of the world. 'There is no such thing as great politics. There is only petty politics, but it must arise from principles and be consistent, not vacillating. Life is a chain of everyday occurrences.'

And, in another passage, he gives expression to the same idea. 'The reflective statesman and politician who is entrusted with the leadership of the state will, in accordance with his own understanding of the past and present, follow a positive programme of constant improvement and continual reformation. Through continual small labors, of course. Men tell too many lies about heroism.'

There is a refreshing lack of any high-sounding phrases about politics 'of the unconscious.' There is no deification of a 'leader,' although the value of authority and of a leading individual within the democratic system is fully recognized, and, according to Masaryk, this system must be one of tolerance and education. For scientific, literary, and philosophic reasons, Masaryk has waged a long war against Titanism, the superman, and Faustian doctrines, and he necessarily regards this struggle as a political obligation. Right thinking and right action cannot be separated: this thought runs like a thread through Masaryk's life. And, as a complement to Ludwig's *Conversations*, there has also just appeared in Czech a collection of Masaryk's articles entitled *The Modern Man and Religion*, drawn from his writings for magazines and worthy of being placed on the same shelf with Masaryk's other great books as contributions to this wise statesman's intellectual system.

HOW did Masaryk come from philosophy to politics? This important question obviously disturbs Emil Ludwig profoundly. It seems to me that this question, which opens the conversations, rests on a misunderstanding, as is shown by the way Ludwig formulates it. 'Neither Plato nor Jesus felt it necessary to resort to politics, and yet Masaryk considered that he was led by both men.' No, no, both Plato and Jesus performed political work for the whole community, if we understand them rightly, and they could not avoid doing so. Indeed, in the case of Plato, he moved from political to philosophic activity and not the other way around. The collapse of the Athenian State as symbolized by the execution of Soc-

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rates led him to propound the theory of the just state. He then proceeded from this theory to very practical political struggles in Sicily. The same thing is true of Masaryk, and it is no accident that his first book was a study of Plato. Right thinking and right action cannot be separated. It is impossible to place one above the other. They can be combined only in that 'critical and, at the same time, creative synthesis,' which moves Masaryk so deeply in his conversations as well as in his articles.

We must recognize that the irrational element is often dealt with too briefly in this effort to achieve a synthesis. But such objections have little weight when we plumb the depths of Masaryk's character, aided by Ludwig's amazing vision, when we see his religiousness, which has nothing churchly about it. In a conversation about Plato and Aristotle, Masaryk suddenly interrupts, 'and says with a smile that always contains some of his pathos, "One must trust one's self and one's star. I believe in my star." And I saw that, in spite of all his inner conflicts, I was sitting in the presence of a darling of the gods.'

Faith in a divine world plan, in which one is collaborating personally: that is his deepest statement. It is also the key to his career, which he intentionally built on a firmly logical foundation. 'I reckoned on the victory of the Allies almost mathematically,' he said on one occasion. It also explains why he took terrific risks at decisive moments, notably when he fled from Austria. This willingness to take chances is based on precise moral estimates, of course, but all the logic in the world would not be enough to plunge a man who is no more religious than Masaryk into dangerous exploits throughout his life. He believes in God. He believes in eternity, in mankind. Hence his religious democracy. That is why he writes this letter to a criminal, whom he has sentenced to death:—

'My chief sensation was not one of horror. I feel that any inhuman act requires expiation. I say to myself that through these inhuman acts the cosmos is thrown into disorder. I feel in a very living way that it is a sin, and it is true that this murderer, if he were to think truly, would say the same thing. He would have to sentence himself to death, and, when I had to do this the first time, I wrote a letter that I directed to the man about to be hung, explaining myself. But it was not read to him. In one case the condemned man spontaneously told me that he did not reproach me. He understood the just consequences of his sin.'

Only one who loves his fellow men very warmly can put himself in such a direct, naïve relationship with them even under most irregular circumstances. The most extreme doctrinaire opponent of the death penalty does not seem to me capable of such love as Masaryk showed on this tragic occasion. It is the same love and sense of identity with the people that showed its positive side in other conversations. In my opin-

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ion that is the most moving aspect of Ludwig's book and makes Masaryk look like a near relation to those old Russian women who appear now and then in Dostoievski's novels and say the best and soundest words.

Masaryk describes his journeys through the country and the greeting that the people gave him as follows: 'I see the mature public and recognize the different parties. But what gives me the greatest pleasure is to find my old women. Wherever I go, some really old woman is almost always standing apart from the official groups, and I see that she is weeping. I catch her eye and greet her with a wave of the hand, and she crosses herself or makes the sign of the cross toward me or nods her head. That has always been my favorite scene: the old woman whom nobody has prepared for my visit. When she stands there and weeps, I know what the Republic means. She is my spiritual barometer.'

Ibn Saud's Son

By Captain H. C. Armstrong

From the *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

THE visit of the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia is exceptional and is not likely to be repeated. King Ibn Saud is both an absolute and a personal ruler. All things in his kingdom are under his hand.

Once I begged him to visit England himself. 'I cannot,' he said. 'I must always be here to rule.' His heir, too, must be ready by his side to take over the reins of government at any minute. No deputy can act for him.

To-day all Arabia is at peace. The tribes are quiet. A traveler, provided he has the King's protection, may journey in safety from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf and away north to the Syrian Desert. A merchant with gold in his pouch and desirable goods on his camels may halt unarmed and yet safe beside the most desolate road.

A mighty man, ruthless yet just, dominating the whole land, Ibn Saud holds down a fierce and untamed people by the prestige and personality of a great fighter. But the day, the very minute, the news goes out that King Ibn Saud is no more, Arabia will flare up in revolt. Half a dozen members of the royal family will try for the throne. Both the King and his father have married many wives and begotten many children. Ibn Saud has at least twenty-five sons alive and a great host of brothers and cousins.

Arabia is a harsh land with little soil and less water, so that every yard must be cultivated with the sweat of the brow, and then it produces little. For the Arabs raiding is life, their one spur to energy. It is in their

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nature, and it sets their blood afire like fever—the secret massing of men and animals, a night march under the open sky, and the rolling movement of the camels; a creeping between sand dunes, an eager, fierce, concentrated watching, and then shouts, hoarse cries, the galloping of horses, firing, clouds of dust, some loot, a man or two killed and a few injured.

The King has for many years forbidden all raiding. He has wished to construct an organized state, and in this raids have no place. He enforces his orders remorselessly. Once a clan of the Murra tribe disobeyed. At once Ibn Saud swooped down on them, wiped them out, and left as a warning that all could see a black smear of bodies and broken tents under the open sky. It is Ibn Saud's personality that keeps law and order. The minute he is gone, with a whoop of joy the tribes will go raiding again as they did in the old days.

In Arabia there is no machinery of government and no civil service. The King lives and works in the open under the eyes of his people, who watch him narrowly, and they will accept no untried master. Quarrelsome and proud, no two Arabs will agree who shall give orders until one has shown himself the better man. No tribe will submit to another unless forced. The son of a leader will get his chance to claim his father's place, but he must prove his worth or go.

What manner of man is Emir Saud? Can he take his father's place? He is now thirty-three, an Arab of the Inner Desert, born in the palace at Riyadh. Except for a visit to Cairo several years ago, he has never been out of Arabia, and he comes to England direct from Riyadh, the capital of Arabia.

The city lies in the very heart of that vast country. It is hidden and protected behind great deserts and is inhabited by the Wahabis, the fiercest and the most fanatical of the sects of Islam, who hate all foreigners and all foreign ways. Riyadh is a forbidden city, to which only a few European travelers have penetrated.

All his life the Emir has lived among the Wahabis. Like them, he lives very frugally, neither drinking stimulants nor smoking tobacco. He is strictly religious, praying five times in each twenty-four hours at the appointed times. He keeps the fast of Ramadan, for one month each year he neither eats nor drinks from the hour when the stars begin to pale in the light of the false dawn until the evening call to prayer. He performs the pilgrimage to Mecca and gives liberally to the poor.

Like his father, who is a giant, he towers a foot over other Arabs, and yet he is slim and lithe, powerfully built, with long expressive hands, and in his Arab robes he walks with a majestic carriage and the poise of one who is used to being obeyed. He is shrewd, knows his own mind, and judges quickly. Often he is unreasonably generous, with a gesture that

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catches the imagination of those around him, but usually his generosity has behind it a reasoned calculation.

He is an athlete, delighting in shooting, hawking, and horses. Every week he rides out of Riyadh with a cavalcade of fifty or sixty stallions and in the open plains takes part in mimic battles with charges and spear-throwing and jousting. These physical attributes are of primary importance to the ruler of a primitive people.

Already he has a reputation as a brave man and a fighter. He has taken part in a dozen skirmishes and small wars and helped to put down two rebellions, not as the King's son, carefully kept out of danger, but in hand-to-hand fighting with the enemy.

WHEN he was only a lad of nineteen, his father went to war with the Shammar tribes, allies of the Turks. The Emir rode in command of a detachment of horsemen. Since then he has been repeatedly in the mêlée of small fights, leading and urging on his men and using his sword lustily. He has made long marches across the deserts under the terrific heat of the summer's sun with only a raider's rations of some dried camel's milk and a handful of dates and so proved his power of endurance—a point on which the Arabs count much when judging a man.

Finally, in March of this year, he saved his father from a murderous attack and was himself wounded. With the King he was performing the final rites of the pilgrimage within the Great Mosque at Mecca. Both were unarmed and dressed as pilgrims when, without warning, a man with a naked dagger in his hand dashed out of a portico straight at the King. In a second the Emir was between the King and the man and caught him by the throat and, as the assassin drove the dagger through his shoulder, threw him back to the ground. A second later two more men came racing from another side. Leaping first at one and then at the other, the Emir threw them both back and so gave the bodyguard time to rush up to the rescue.

All was over in a minute, but it was one of those dramatic incidents that make a man a hero among his people. Already the tale, embellished and exaggerated, is being told in encampments and villages all over Arabia, and I can almost hear the gasp as the story-teller reaches the climax and the 'Allah! that is a man'; so that many a tribe will hesitate before it revolts when he becomes King. On such things rests the ruling of men.

As a commander he has also shown his ability. Last year his father went to war with the ruler of Yemen, that difficult and mountainous country by the shore of the Red Sea between Mecca and Aden, which is now the only part of Arabia not under British protection that does not accept the suzerainty of the King.

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The King gave the Emir the command of the army in the field. Dividing it into five columns and ordering his brother Feisal to take one along the coast road through the plain known as the Tihama, the Emir took the main force by a new road from the north. He took with him field guns and armored cars, and these had to be manhandled up precipices and along mountain paths where even mules could not find a footing. In due time he burst out upon the plateau beyond unexpected.

Within six weeks he had completely defeated the Yemen armies, and the enemy's capital lay open to him. At that moment the King ordered him to stand fast and then, after making peace, to return; and the Emir marched back home through Arabia to be greeted in all the towns and villages as a conqueror.

Finally, his father has tested him by making him his viceroy of Nejd, the central province of Arabia, and governor of Riyadh, and gradually he has given him more and more power and freedom of action, and the Emir has shown his ability. He has a natural skill in handling the tribesmen, and he is popular and respected by the people.

The Americans have a saying about successful men that it takes only three generations from grandfather to grandson, and sometimes less, to go from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. Mostly this is true, but there are notable exceptions. The Sultans of Turkey produced from father to son thirteen generations of capable rulers and fine soldiers, and the Great Moguls even more.

King Ibn Saud, both in mentality and appearance, is a throwback to an ancestor who, starting also from Riyadh some one hundred and fifty years ago, conquered all Arabia. And, both by his character and his record, the Emir would seem to be fitted to follow his father when the time of testing comes.

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Here is the latest news about Professor C. K. Ogden's 'Basic English,' the international language of the future, which uses only 850 simple English words.

BASIC English

By A Special Correspondent

From the *Times*
London Independent Conservative Daily

THE English language has come to a stage in its development and expansion at which it may be said to have the qualities most needed in a language for international use. It is the natural language, or the language of the government, of over 500,000,000 persons. It is the language of trade, and in the years after the War it has been used so much in discussions between the representatives of different nations that it may well become the normal language for the international exchange of political views. Furthermore, every serious work of science has now to be put into English if it is to have the attention of the greatest number of experts and the most important reading public. Then, there is its use in talking pictures, to which, without doubt, it gives the widest possible market. The motion picture is helping, even forcing, it to become a language on which millions of picture-goers everywhere are dependent for their amusement. In Latin America, for example, young men and women are learning English because of its attraction from this point of view. The same thing is true in other places. In fact, the position of English to-day is so strong that little further argument is possible: no language is its equal in range or general value, no language is so simple or so elastic.

Probably the statement that it is simple is the only one that would be questioned, and not without some reason. Possibly it would be wiser to say that it is a language that may be made simple. Good writers of English —such as Swift and Shaw—make use of a selection of words that, though covering a number of ideas and a wide range of material, are clear to the masses. Such writers have a natural feeling for words. When Swift was requested to give his theory of good

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writing, he said it was a question of 'the right words in the right places.' Happily he was great enough to be able to give effect to this theory.

It is possible to have a working selection of 'right' words that will do almost everything that is needed. And it is possible, further, to have a group of rules with the help of which the right words may be put in the right places. A list of English words that have the power of covering the greater part of the range of man's interests has been worked out by Mr. C. K. Ogden, of the Orthological Institute at Cambridge, and these, together with certain rules, make up Basic English, a complete system in which only 850 words are necessary and which has been, and is being, used for books on a wide range of questions.

II

Most learners take at least four years to get a working knowledge of normal English, and the great question with which teachers have been faced has been how to get a system that will take less time. Here Basic English is important; in its 850 words anything may be said for all the purposes of everyday existence. The learning of these Basic words takes 30 hours. Two hours' work every day for a month makes it possible for anyone to get a more or less complete knowledge of the system. After 50 hours' work a night-school group in Copenhagen went 'on the air' from Radio Kalundborg last year with the approval of Danish education authorities. With a bad teacher, or in the East, where the sounds give more trouble, a longer training would probably be needed.

Basic (British-American-Scientific-International-Commercial) English is, however, something more than a list of 850 words. It is a system for saying things simply and clearly and at the same time getting free from the unnecessarily complex rules of the old grammar. Only 18 of the words are verb-forms, which not only makes what is normally the hardest part of the learner's work—the complex structure and changing forms of the verb—unnecessary but gives him a range far greater than would be possible with so small a word-list under any other conditions. By putting together the names of simple operations, such as *get*, *give*, *come*, *go*, *put*, *take*, with the words for directions, like *in*, *over*, *through*, and the rest, 2,000 or 3,000 complex ideas —like *insert*, which becomes *put in*— are made part of his store. In this way the 850 words may be made to do the work of 20,000. The Basic forms of statement are clear to everyone. It would be hard, for example, to go wrong about the way to put *disembark* or the French *débarquer* into Basic English. In no other language is this process possible—it is dependent on the natural structure of normal English.

Basic English has been well tested. It is generally a surprise to men of letters that even the sort of thing in which they are interested may frequently be put into simpler language without great loss. In the Basic *Stories from the Bible*, for example, much of the quality of the King James's Bible has been kept, and *Gulliver in Lilliput* still gives something of the effect of Swift's well-balanced and polished prose.

In science such effects are equally possible, but they are less important because in science the chief interest

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is in the sense. In normal language complex words or fixed groups of words are frequently used loosely without thought as to their sense. When they are broken up into simple forms, we are forced to take note of what, if anything, is at the back of them. The writers whose thought is most reasoned generally make use of a simple form of statement and put the sense first. The effect of this is to give quality to their writing.

Every year the earth is getting smaller through the discoveries of science; in a year or two it may be possible for voices in China or Peru to come through quite clearly to any European workingman with a radio apparatus about the size of a hat and at a lower price than the present small phonograph. But there are still more than 1,500 languages in use in the different countries that the radio, the telephone, and advertisement in all its forms have suddenly put in touch with one another. For the expansion of trade, for the organization of peace, and for the development of science a simple and reasoned international language may be at least as important as the gold question.

The Orthological Institute has been working on new lines, and the value of Basic English as an international language has now to be tested by experts in the different fields. That it is a serious working system, offering great hopes for the future, is clear from the fact that noted men of letters and science in a number of countries have put their names to a statement giving it their approval. Among them are Dr. Sven Hedin, Professor Julian Huxley, Professor Němec (Prague), Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, Professor John Dewey, H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, Walter Angermund (Deutsche Lufthansa), Dr. Okakura (Japan), Dr. Otto Neurath (Holland), and a long list of others.

As an example of Basic English the reader has before him the preceding account, in which only the 850 words are used, and from which he may see for himself if the sense is clear.

Postscript

Basic English, about which an article from a special correspondent appeared in the *Times* yesterday, has attracted the attention and support of many eminent people in all parts of the world. Mr. C. K. Ogden, the inventor of Basic English and director of the Orthological Institute, Cambridge, which is responsible for the system, gave some account yesterday of its growth and possibilities.

In Japan, a Japanese-Basic English dictionary has just been completed as part of research work done by the Orthological Institute with the support of the Rockefeller Foundation. In Soviet Russia the Government is bringing out next month special editions of five of the Basic English books—*The A B C of Basic English*, *Black Beauty*, *Tales from Tolstoï*, *Gulliver in Lilliput*, and *Robinson Crusoe*—for general teaching use in schools.

In China, new international headquarters for Basic English have been opened at Peiping, and Dr. Y. R. Chao, a linguistic expert, has completed the preliminary work for a system of Basic Chinese on the same lines as Basic English. In the Leeward Islands Basic English is being used for teaching in the schools, one of its 850 words being adopted each day as the 'word of the day,' with the prospec-

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tive result—calculated in the arithmetic classes—that, if these young islanders learn one word each day of a 5-day, 42-week school year, they will in four years possess a vocabulary in which everything may be said for all purposes of everyday existence.

III

In England itself books have been written in Basic English without readers being aware of it. *Twentieth-Century Houses*, an illustrated architectural work by Mr. Raymond McGrath, is a noteworthy example, which won high praise in both the architectural and literary press and which showed that even on a somewhat specialized subject the author was able to write from among only 850 different words a book of 80,000 words.

Mr. Ogden estimates that to read an ordinary issue of the *Times* with profit a vocabulary of over 50,000 words is implied and that actually many readers get along with 25,000 or less. Mr. Churchill has probably the largest vocabulary of any living British statesman, and Mr. Ogden estimates Mr. Churchill's working vocabulary at 25,000 to 30,000 words and his potential vocabulary at 50,000 to 60,000 words. The figure of 50,000 he also gives to the most skilled practising lawyers accustomed to studying briefs on specialized subjects and talking fluently about them. The largest vocabularies of all, ranging from 60,000 to 80,000 words, are, according to Mr. Ogden, possessed by highly educated scientists engaged in those branches of science relating to engineering. The scope of a scientist's vocabulary, he points out, is indicated by the fact that in the classification of ants—one branch only of entomology—there are 16,000 different terms.

Discussing the other end of the scale, Mr. Ogden said that he would put the vocabulary of a teashop waitress at 7,000 to 8,000 words although she would sometimes startle one by using words belonging to 20,000-word vocabularies. The vocabulary of the average trade-union leader who has become a political speaker is estimated by Mr. Ogden at 10,000 to 15,000 words with little potential vocabulary.

Mr. Ogden expressed some surprise that advertisers, appealing presumably to the masses, should use so many words that are not normally in the lowest vocabularies. He had in this connection been particularly struck by advertisements about a diaphragm belt. But even in unpretentious advertisements many of the words used are words that Basic English does not consider necessary.

In the following extract from an advertisement of a breakfast food, the words in italics are not used in Basic English: 'Father *wants* something that *sustains*, keeps him *fresh*, *vigorous*, and *alert* all day long; son likes a *cereal* that tastes good, that's *crisp* and *delicious;* mother *prefers* a food that is ready-cooked, that does n't *mean* a *lot* of work in a *hot* kitchen . . . *Sold* by all *grocers*.'

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Paul Nizan, French novelist and critic of the Communist persuasion, describes his recent visit to Soviet Tadjikistan, where there ain't no Ten Commandments—or dirty capitalists, either.

A Traveler *in* Tadjikistan

By PAUL NIZAN

Translated from *Europe*
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

FROM the house I occupied at one end of Stalinabad, I could see the fields divided by rows of poplars and dominated by mountains. It was the beginning of spring. The snow lay fairly low on the mountains, and one might have thought one's self in the Béarn had it not been for all the camels in the hill pasturages and the snakes more dangerous than any we know, lying among thorny herbs. Those mountains are the Hissar Chain, and by climbing toward the east across this range, which stretches out like a finger pointing in the direction of European Russia, one can reach Pamir. The ice-cold rivers, which descend in torrents, have their source in the Pamir glaciers, and the people of Stalinabad said to me, 'To-morrow you will take a plane for Obi Garm.' Or, again, they said, 'You will take a plane for Khorog.'

Ismailov's wife told me, 'Every year I fly to visit my family in Badarshan. It is a little bit hard on the baby because we sometimes have to rise to a height of five thousand metres. If you come back next year, you can come with me.'

I got up early and waited for some one to take me to the flying field. But at noon or one o'clock someone came from the Central Committee or the Commissar's Council to tell me that we could n't go that day because the Obi Garm and even the Khorog air fields were covered with rivulets from the spring rain.

Everybody thought that we were really going to Obi Garm or Khorog, and they spoke about it so much that finally all the poets in Stalinabad thought that we had gone and returned. We felt above us the presence of invisible Pamir. In reality we sim-

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ply saw the finger of Pamir, of the Hissar Mountains, behind which lay the Zeravshan and the Turkestan Mountains. And behind those peaks, above the blooming orchards of the Zeravshan valley, the blue cupolas of Samarkand . . .

Every day I met people who had come from Pamir and from the autonomous territory of Badarshan with memories of the civil war and enough stories to last them the rest of their lives. Davlat-Cho, the poet who was studying in the Communist university, recited ballads against opium and the Aga Khan in the Badarshan dialect. And the secretary of the Central Control Commission, who was the son of a poor Pamir peasant, filled whole evenings with stories of the revolution in Badarshan.

'In Pamir,' he said, 'the revolution was easy. There were no kulaks, and along the frontier posts we had contacts with the soldiers, who received newspapers. Immediately there were soldiers' committees in all the stations, and at the end of three weeks the officers fled toward the Afghanistan frontier. The young men went down to Tashkent to get arms from the Red Army. I was then in a missionary school, which sons of merchants and orphans attended. I was eighteen years old and a member of the Red Army. I was in charge of a frontier post of twenty-five men, and I belonged to the Comsomol. There was fighting along the frontier. I was made prisoner in China. They threw me down an old well. I almost died, but finally they exchanged me for another prisoner, and I am not dead. Then I came down to Stalinabad. I was a member of the revolutionary committee. I have fought with Ibrahim Bek, and, when I went to Samarkand, the people threatened to kill me. I am secretary of the Central Control Commission, and I shall continue my studies in Moscow.'

Thus did the people speak of Pamir, but it was impossible really to get there. It was overpowering to feel its enormous presence and those heaps of mountains rising to more than seven thousand metres, to know that one was at the edge of the Roof of the World, the conjunction of China and India, and that it was impossible to plunge deeper into the centre of our continent, thousands of kilometres away from any ocean.

We therefore did not go up to Pamir that time, and afterward we did not regret it too much because the most interesting people from Pamir had come down to Tadjikistan, where they held posts as poets, agricultural engineers, people's commissars, presidents of the republic, or commanders of the Red Army.

Pamir is really important only for its frontier guards and for its prospectors, who come by the Turksib from the Lena gold fields to find the land where the gold that rivers carry is born. The Ismaelites smuggle these people across the Indian mountains to pay tribute to the Aga Khan, who is such a good friend of Chiappe and Citroën at Deauville. Pamir is really important only to members of expeditions sent out by the Academy of Sciences and to army mountain climbers.

II

Above the torrents we saw villages clinging to the mountain side. That was Asia. The earthen walls of the houses and the courtyards spread out,

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teetering blindly. Sometimes trees clustered around a small cupola or a wooden portico: that was a mosque, whose priest had fled to make way for the schoolchildren. In the streets, during the hot hours of the day, one met only donkeys. Often great cloud banks stopped at a height of fifteen or eighteen hundred metres against the mountain side, and terrible storms burst forth, since it was the storm season for them.

Generally, the president of the kolkhoz invited us to drink green tea in the director's house, which a rich man had formerly inhabited. There were carpets on the hard earthen floor of the courtyard, and kolkhoz members, seated on their haunches, smoked water pipes and talked business. Notices in the Tadjik language plastered the walls, notices about canals, for this is a country where the distribution of water is more important than the possession of land. On those green and yellow pictures one read the lessons of the ancient countryside. The president of the kolkhoz was almost always a Tadjik or sometimes an Uzbek. He might have a white beard, or he might have the clean-shaven face of a young man.

III

In the villages of the Varzob valley, we met the poet Rabei, who looked as though he were taking a walk and crossed our path by chance. He recited poems for us on the construction of kolkhozes, written in the manner of Hafiz, or verses on the civil war, which obviously drew material from ancient war stories. Sometimes we visited orchards where young men wearing multicolored, striped-silk coats spread out their rugs and displayed piles of blue porcelain. But then the storm would come up, and we had to leave the garden and seek the shelter of a house. In a corner of a courtyard the women belonging to the family of the president of the kolkhoz cooked rice mixed with pieces of mutton and rabbit in large metal cauldrons.

On the opposite side of Stalinabad we visited a kolkhoz bearing the name of the poet Lakhuti, who had been a revolutionist in Persia but came here to stir up revolution in Bokhara, which then belonged to an emir. He wore the insignia of the Central Executive Committee of the Republic of Tadjikistan, and many factories, schools, and kolkhozes between Khodjent and Kanibadam bear his name. He said, 'I have more properties than a lord,' and laughed. In the morning, we inspected the fields belonging to the kolkhoz, accompanied by the soldiers and poets of Stalinabad. In the country, children filed to kindergarten behind their guardian. There were clusters of fruit trees and great expanses of plowed land.

The kolkhoz teacher was twenty years old. She accompanied the president of the kolkhoz, who wore boots over his heavy knitted stockings. 'The old president was a thief,' she said. 'He killed ninety-five bullocks belonging to the kolkhoz in order to break up collectivization.'

She was a candidate for the Communist Party, and she had studied in the Communist university at Stalinabad. 'It's hard work,' she said gaily. Her brother was naturally a poet. Fat snakes slept in the sun at the foot of the hedges. We drank tea on the earthen platform of the school, a former mosque. The girls wore starched

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collars, silver ear rings, and coral necklaces, and they had no idea of biting the edge of their red and white veils as their grandmothers used to do. The boys and girls sat down with us under the five plantain trees, behind whose leaves the mountains glimmered. They brought us buttermilk and great slabs of bread, which rolled up like pieces of cloth. We discussed the affairs of the kolkhoz, which had raised wheat and was now starting on cotton. The children organized dances in the courtyard, and groups of women, coming back from the fields with the men, sat down whispering.

Lakhuti greeted them and spoke of the future school, which would be more beautiful than this old earthen and carved-wood mosque. He made jokes that amused the women. One girl said, 'They don't have to wake us up to send us to work any more. We now work for ourselves.' The men who had come with us from Stalinabad mentioned cotton. They were Party members or writers who edited the *Tadjikistan Communist* and the *Path of Lenin*. Several children wore the red neckties of the Pioneers; they listened intently. Life seemed secure and tranquil, but a woman spoke of the recent times when men cut the throats of their wives because they unveiled themselves. Then a man told the stories of the battles of the Basmachis War before we understood that this was only the beginning of peace over Asia—the land of tremendous misery, of famine, of rag-clad crowds, of epidemics, tempests, migrations, and madness.

In Stalinabad, which had ceased to be a small village, the cars belonging to the commissariats turned corners down streets set at right angles to each other and bordered by young trees. At the door of the Central Committee of the Party, the village militants dismounted, and the cars started noisily. In the garden of the Central Committee large black kites fell to the ground. Huge white buildings replaced the old shacks. The publishing house was upstairs. Kolkhoz workers and Red Army soldiers came to the large Tadjikiz library to buy Lenin's books and Gorki's novels. In the evening the people of Stalinabad walked along the avenues, eating dried apricots, pistachio nuts, and ice cream. The Tadjiks drank green tea, lying on rugs and listening to the singers and the musicians. In the park the Red Army orchestra played late into the night. The theatre buzzed with human voices. The Congress of Tadjik writers was going on, and great bands of young people had come from Khodjent, Kanibadam, Kurgan-Tube, Faisabad, and Obi Garm with notebooks full of poems. They all saluted the writer, Aini, who had written the first revolutionary poem in the Tadjik language and whom the Emir of Bokhara had tortured before the Revolution. At the mill house the poets arrived and talked to us, sitting around the tables. We lit oil lamps because there was no electricity. Rabei told the story of his life.

IV

'I am a poor peasant,' he said. 'Today I belong to the kolkhoz. I have always composed poems, but I never wrote them down. Here is the way my life goes: I spend five days in the city and five days in the villages. I know all the villages in the Varzob valley, and I talk to the peasants. My poems reflect their life. I have composed

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2,614 verses about them. In these poems I speak about the brigades, the Vakhshstroi, the hard life of the peasant, and the change that has occurred in the villages.

'Two years ago I learned how to read. Until then I did n't know that poems could also be written. They published a book of my poetry at the Tadjikiz, and since then I have brought around some new ones, but I have n't heard from them yet. I waste my time in the city. My village is fourteen kilometres from Stalinabad, and it is easier to roam the mountains in search of new stories than to get money from the Tadjikiz.'

The poet Razid-Djan was the son of a Moslem priest. He concealed his father's former occupation, and he had been excluded from the Comsomol. But he acted and danced in the National Theatre and composed verses about the great construction going on. In the night the poets and the young women, who answered to such beautiful names as Musafara and also composed verses, recited these compositions in a mixed language. 'It is not easy,' they said, 'to sing of socialism with the masters of Firdousi. When shall we be freed from the old masters of Bokhara?'

The journalist Gabarov chanted the poems of Hafiz in the Iranian falsetto technique, and at the end of a certain time he forgot he was a man because of his cooing and his bird-like trills. He was an abandoned child who had come from Persia by following chance routes. Socialism had adopted him. These evenings created a poetic exaltation that enervated everyone present. Armenian cognac and the ultra-sweet wine of Kagor came to the rescue of poetic madness.

The poet Pavel V. also recited chants, which he had composed on Siberian themes. He was the son of a kulak, and no one knew whether poetry was not simply a barrier between him and the life of a robber baron, a train thief, or a cattle slaughterer. When he was drunk, he chased the women. He slept with Shura, who was a servant in the commissars' rest house. Shura was a blackish woman, the daughter of a Tadjik mother and a Caucasian father. She had had two husbands, the Basmachis had kidnaped her, and no doubt she had slept with the mountain chiefs; she had seen them cut off a woman's lips and breasts. Her left forearm was tattooed with the strange symbol of her complicated past—a luminous anchor and cross intertwined with two clasped hands in the foreground.

V

On all these plateaus groups of workers were building in spite of the hot sunshine, in spite of the insects, in spite of the landslides. The earth was melting for the first time after long centuries without water. 'This land has never known water,' the chief engineer said. 'When she feels it coming, she swallows it up like a sponge. There are places where the land will drop a few metres this year. We'll have to rebuild all the houses.'

Russian and Tadjik workers lived in long whitewashed earthen barracks or in wooden houses. The Mohammedan workers had built mud huts, which imitated the form of their native dwellings. The nomads were beginning to turn up the soil that they had done no more than traverse for generations. Thus does the world

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change. The Kazaks dug into the sides of the ditches wherever they came upon snake holes.

The Kazaks bought bread, sugar, and plates in the coöperatives belonging to the construction works. Certain encampments resembled the rear lines during a war. And a war was going on. They exploded cartridges to make water-holes. Steel shovels plowed through the flowers of the steppe like tanks. On the threshold of the white barracks nurses from the large cities gazed over the plateaus. Women pushed carts, for women had enlisted in this war. But the end was near. The builders were preparing to leave. Demobilization was in the air. The construction poems were already written, the construction novel was already published. In the half-empty villages near the great barrage, the wind blew through the débris. The rooms were emptied, one by one. In the garage rusty old parts of trucks were piled on top of each other. The agriculturists were waiting for the engineers and the builders to leave in order to take their places.

VI

Along the Piandj there was a frontier post called Nijni Piandj. In Central Asia frontier posts are no paradises. Nijni Piandj lies on the right bank, which is ten or fifteen metres above the brownish waters of the river. On the left bank lies Afghanistan. Ferry boats ply between Nijni Piandj and Termez. A piece of railroad track goes in the direction of the Vakhshstroi. At the top of the village the frontier guards live in a building that looks like a lighthouse. On a rock that overhangs the river a sort of watchtower surveys the Afghanistan plain. A young G. P. U. commander is in charge.

The people live in long houses typical of Central Asia. A corridor goes from one end to the other, and all the rooms open onto this one passage. The furniture is made of boards, and pictures of the Revolution line the walls. The past of the men who live in these houses does not promote confidences. Maybe it was the fault of the sun and of this trip to places that are in the power of the invertebrate animals, but we got the impression that this was a desperate land, where people whose life had no other issue would spend their last days. Dirt and neglect covered the houses, the narrow streets, the walls. The men wore torn shirts, but, after all, at lunch in one of the long houses with the heads of the G. P. U. and the members of the Soviet, we did not find despair on the lips or in the words of our hosts. That was simply part of the landscape, and they themselves did not notice it because they had things to do and a frontier to guard.

The children played. The women knew how to laugh. The G. P. U. commander, the secretary of the cell, who was a fat, gay, curly-headed man, the station master, who wore a gray linen duster, a cap, steel-rimmed spectacles, and a tiny moustache (he resembled a French teacher so much that I expected at any moment to hear him talk about pedagogical conferences and the national syndicate) accompanied us to the juncture of the Piandj and the Vakhsh Rivers. They took their arms, both guns and pistols, which hung against their thighs in wooden holsters. The cars were loaded with ammunition. But wartimes were

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over. Our companions thought only of hunting. 'We're going to the tiger's plateau,' the secretary of the cell said. Sometimes tigers swim across the Piandj River, they say. Antelopes galloped through the brush, and the cars pursued them between the trees, but they did not kill any. Pheasants flew heavily. The commander of the frontier post asked me to tell him about the Saint-Cyr school and the Polytechnique because he was giving lectures to his men on the capitalist armies. He was twenty-two or -three years old and did not want to tell the stories he already knew. It was so hot that it was difficult to ask questions.

'Are n't you bored at Nijni Piandj?' I inquired.

He smiled and replied, 'One is not bored when one protects the frontiers of socialism.'

VII

Along the Vakhsh River the cables had been broken by the rising tide. The boat was loose, and there was a great hue and cry. The People's Commissars, who were going on an inspection tour, were waiting to cross. Men on horseback plunged into the river, and the people standing on the banks cried as they saw the horses disappear in a yellow flood and reappear somewhere near the horizon. When the boat was repaired, it took hours to make the crossing. In a small room of the teahouse near the bank an old man mourned over a prostrate body and chased flies.

'My son is dead,' he cried.

The boy had had his head crushed by the boat when it was crossing.

On the other side of the mountains night awaited us, unfurled against the hills. A lynx crossed the road. Jackals cried. Above Stalinabad red stars shone like the signs of a new nature. Red flags waved in the searchlights. The people of Stalinabad, clothed in white, walked through this night of forewarnings. The soldiers were getting ready in their barracks. Regiments of Red Cavalry men came down from the frontiers. The pioneers dreamed of holidays and songs. An airplane with a star on either wing flew overhead. The Tadjiks smoked and slept on the platforms of the teahouses. The orchestras still played in the park. No one wanted to sleep. Telegrams kept arriving in the office of the *Tadjikistan Communist* about Paris, New York, Moscow, and the workers of the world. It was the night of May first.

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This story, as exotic in style as it is in setting, introduces a young French poet, whose work has been recently seen in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*.

Esthonian HONEYMOON

By AUDIBERTI

Translated by WALLACE BROCKWAY

From the *Nouvelle Revue Française*
Paris Literary Monthly

THE fatal day, I was already up at dawn, although the day before I had gone (can *had gone* be right—Mme Bruneau's lessons are so far away!) to bed at two or three o'clock. My throat was parched. I walked the floor like a squirrel in a cage. I got my little belongings ready. To some I had to say good-by; others I was going to use. My wedding gown, extremely smart, entirely of white taffeta, with even whiter seams, and a regular garden of wild strawberries at the waist, from Schrofstein and Caroline. At eight o'clock, I was all ready. Just to kill time, I packed the superb trunks that are to follow me by train with lingerie, dresses, sweetmeats. Then Mama told me I was wrong to rouge my nostrils—she said it made me look as if I had a cold in the head. I had to unveil and then reveil (shades of Mme Bruneau, what do you think of *this* word?). My betrothed, the noble Peïpus (it seems that's what the Esthonians call Raoul), turned up, at nine o'clock, in an eruption of registered letters, visiting cards, and flowers of all hues.

Dear little Gisèle (do you remember when your face was all frozen, and I made that silly pun about you?), I so much want you here, so that I might cry on your shoulder! Those two young women, one larger (but which? You? I? Our souls are so mingled . . .)—don't you think this would be grand? The photographers would have taken us together (*would have taken*, is that right?). Where I am now, far from Paris, far from Capelle-Majoural (Tarn-et-Garonne), this business of participles seems almost improbable to me. I try to find a meaning for them in the shapes of trees and clouds, but nothing here gives them a real meaning, and I must get you to reassure me, to tell me that, somewhere, all this exists.

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At eleven o'clock, everyone was there—all our world (all our little world). Papa very much the ambassador, with his stiff shirt and stock, which to me seemed invested with its own deep significance, and Mama, who was positively wrapped in a violet aura, and then Aunt Malouise, Suzanne, Prosper, Mlle de Montpestard (who taught me Sévigné, you remember . . .), M. Lapinoff, the Lepessègues, Count Port of Spain and the Countess, young Vauglan, that wretched old Berlingen, and, of course, Daisy. A very gay crowd.

Our autos were handsome black Borniols, most impressive looking. I thought the town hall very amusing. It was the first time I had ever been in a town hall. The town halls in Paris are very fine. Ah! It's certainly true that one always knows very little about the town in which one lives! When I return to France, you and I shall visit all the town halls in Paris. Naturally, I've already seen the town hall of Mojilehas-Lavekiis. It has a certain air, but it is much smaller than the one in the Rue Drouot. And our turn came last! We made such a racket that the usher made us hush. The Count said to him dryly, 'You have averted the crisis.' The Count is always droll. At twelve-fifty or twelve-fifty-five, we left for Sainte-Pauline. As usual, I counted the steps. There are still seventeen. (The church of Mojilehas-Lavekiis has twelve wooden ones. You must take care at the third, which is hollowed out, like a coffin, and you learn to jump it.)

This went off very well. I had a mass that was all one could want, for the *curé*, M. Nanette, is Mama's confessor, and that wretched old Berlingen is also on good terms with him. You know, that dirty Jew (Berlingen) once explained to me that the Jews, the *curés*, the Freemasons, and the republicans all belonged to the same family, that they were the descendants of Abel, and that Cain still fought them, armed with a huge rusty hammer.

Poor Mama was weeping behind me. With my gloved hand against my left temple, I had closed the tear-spiggot and shed not a drop. There was no excitement at the church, for, as we were in mourning for Uncle Richard, only intimate friends were asked. Even so, we were more than a hundred. And I, after having battled so against having wedding invitations printed, could not keep from turning around, time and time again, to see whether the place was filling up. I felt so pretty!

After the ceremony, we drove around the lakes, which do not compare to that of Mojilehas-Lavekiis where, the year before the War, they drowned three witches. In the Bois, we stopped at an inn called the Coin du Breton. The last straw (you are no doubt thinking), but we were so well treated and served so elegantly (we might almost have been at Aunt's), and tea in the garden, so marvelously mild in late autumn, was so charming, with the Russian orchestra of the Poule du Khan, that Peïpus and I imagined we were already in our château at Mojilehas-Lavekiis, and (I don't quite know why) it had a far more nostalgic effect than coffee. Ah! You understand. . . .

At seven-twenty, Papa, Mama, Montpestard, the Lepessègues, all the *personages*, in fact, left. With the rest of the wedding party we went with our bouquets to the Grand-Amiral.

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How lovely the hotel bridal chamber was, with all the flowers! There were bouquets even in the bath and the W. C. Then the Lepessègues insisted on taking us with them to Auteuil, to what they call their folly, which is now so smothered by enormous buildings on all sides that Berlingen declares it's more than a folly.

After drinking the Lepessègues' port, we went to the Chamber of Deputies, where we had a considerable success. The Ministry forgot to fall! I very clearly saw a deputy with a magnificent forehead. With his fingers he tried to make me understand I don't quite know what—probably an hour and place of rendez-vous. His forehead was so luminous, so incandescent even, that I no longer dared to look at him, and the intrigue went no further. We left the deputies, who could hardly keep from shouting, 'Long live the bride!'

About one o'clock, we went with them to Suzanne and Prosper's. Someone put a stolen fork in the buttonhole of his overcoat. When we got out of there, I was in a state. Then we did Montmartre. We went everywhere. I had rolled my train around my waist. I danced this way, two or three hours, with Peïpus (always very much a man of the world) at the Triangle Cachou, where I was applauded like a queen. When we left, it was cold. The streets were black and empty. Berlingen, bent double with age, took a a cab home. Drooling (as usual) between his decayed teeth, he said good-by to me. It may surprise you, darling, but it did something to me, seeing him go away.

We went on walking, until Vauglan met his brother-in-law, who runs a movie in a cellar. What an original idea! . . . This brother-in-law told us that he was getting some air after the show and asked us to have a drink with him. He insisted. At last we accepted and were seated in the little movie hall, which smelled oddly of matches and lye. The brother-in-law wanted to show us the end of some film or other, but Peïpus did n't want him to.

After drinking like fishes, we took leave of the brother-in-law. Outside, All Saints' Day was beginning. My companions buy me chrysanthemums. Then I was alone with my husband. My train followed me like a dog who would be a snake, all the way from Montmartre. We went back to our room that was more flowery than a greenhouse. And nothing happened—just a deep sleep . . . for both. Maybe you think I'm deceiving you, but I'm telling the truth. Nothing happened. And Peïpus is so well brought up . . . too well brought up . . . and a bit strange.

II

The next day, at eight o'clock, we were all at Le Bourget. Mama was still wrapped in her violet aura. While I was talking to our relatives and friends, I had a feeling they were melting into the rain. My husband and I climbed into the plane, and the blessed family, down there, was nothing more than a little black dot. I was smothered with the lilies they had brought me. You would have thought me a dead woman, the way I looked. This gave me a vile attack of the blues. (This is traditional in wedding trips, I hear.) Seeing this, Peïpus tried hard to get me out of it. I was easily consoled.

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Berlin is very fine, very large, very Porte-Champerret. Warsaw is reminiscent rather of the Boulevard Sébastopol. At Vilna, the atmosphere is frankly Turkish. In Esthonia, it is beyond description. They speak *l'ouraloaltaïque*. You know what I mean! . . . At Reval, the cows are in the main streets. They wear three artificial horns adorned with flowers. We left Reval, by train, for Mojilehas. The seats smelled of cowhide. The compartment doors banged hideously. They say the picturesque can be very charming! The trip will last twelve hours. My Peïpus was the pink of courtesy. And I—I perpetrated a thousand absurdities. You know me!

At Mojilehas, we took our places in a *troïka* . . . in front! Ah! I was a thousand times less afraid in the air than I was in that pre-Flood buggy. I snuggled against Peïpus's breast, in his arms, and even through his large soft body, which shielded me, the infernal joltings of the *troïka* bruised me, and the horses' hooves sprinkled me with mud. I arrived at the château all muddy.

My mother-in-law draws her hair up behind. Her green eyes are filled with authority. She has a cane, with which she taps the ground when she is walking, but, when she is in a hurry, she hoists up her skirt and does without it. She has magnificent legs. She's not really old, at all. The château is full of pianos, antlers, billiard tables, and exercising machines. I should need weeks to admire everything.

I went over the demesne with Peïpus—it is almost as large as Tarn-et-Garonne. The peasants are dressed in striped smocks. On the way back, we visited the village of Mojilehas. There was a little Jew there who sold sweetmeats. He looked like Berlingen, and that pleased me. I went up to him and asked for some small stoneless plums, in syrup. It seems they sell only one at a time, but I plunged the ladle in the jar and stuffed my mouth and Peïpus's, too. The dealer was aghast. He did n't know whether he ought to ask us to pay. He weighed the jar, but, as he did n't know its weight before I appeared on the scene, it did n't mean anything. Peïpus gave him a handful of coppers and said, 'Don't you want to weigh the Baronne, too?' I'm the Baronne, if you please . . .

III

I've already been here three days. We pass the time walking in the park, with music, and in rambles through the village, where all the houses are of wood. In the cemetery there is an ox or a sheep carved on every tomb. My mother-in-law is very kind to me. We converse only in English, but, as her accent differs greatly from mine, we don't manage to say much. The deep sleep for two continues . . .

I am writing in the little music room. Peïpus is below. He is arguing with a business man. Wait . . . Don't move . . . Someone has tapped on the door . . . and enters. . . . It is he . . . my husband . . . No. . . . It is one of the dogs. . . . I should so much like to have you with me, Gisèle dear! I am sparing you no detail. I have added for you, so that my diary be more lifelike, the list of stations between Reval and Mojilehas-Lavekiis.

This dog is a Great Dane with an enormous body. I think they call him a boarhound. They are the oldest and

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most blue-blooded dogs in Europe. For you must know that Peïpus owns one of the finest kennels in the Old Country. The dog comes up to me gently and sits there. These beasts are very dangerous. Yet I go on writing as though nothing were the matter. They are dangerous because they are afraid. Berlingen told me once, 'Perpetual fear engenders intelligence. Look at the Jews. It also engenders ferocity. Look at animals . . .'

I write, watching the dog from the corner of my eye. His muzzle grazes my left hip. He does not say a word. I am going to write I don't know what. Pay no attention. The essential thing is—try not to look afraid. *Pan pan pan pan. Tchin tchin tchin tchin.* Death, life, life overconfident. The long swoon of beings under the moon. The light that flickers at the edge of caves. The poet who lies on the heart of sad souls. And the sudden cry that goes forth in the battle's strife. And death that slips back with a submissive noise. . . .

Ah! I hear my mother-in-law's cane. She must be in the corridor. She is coming in. The door opens. Oh! It is another dog. He is much larger than the first and so heavy that his step, though quick, makes the floor shake. He settles at my right, and his ear caresses my bare arm. What can she be doing—this mother-in-law? Is n't she coming? I can hear her stick no longer. I had best get up and make for the door. I don't dare. It is n't really fear, but understand that I have nothing on except a kind of kimono, with fish and seaweed figures, for the rooms are very warm, and besides, after a walk, one takes a bath, and I still hope that Peïpus . . .

But to feel myself naked, this is a real obstacle. The situation is absurd. And here's a third dog. You'd almost say they grow and grow as they come in. He joins the dog on my left. A fourth bounds in. I have the impression that, behind me, the music room is filling up. This one moves, that one pants. The whole kennel must be there. If I cry out, would someone come? I doubt it.

You are at Capelle. You are reading the letter I am writing now. And you can do nothing for me. For you will read it, some day, this very letter. If I could only be you, and you, down there, in childbed, could only be I! . . . I evoke so clearly the house where you are! Briefly, each of us is everywhere, but more particularly here or there, and everywhere things are going badly. It is like a sailor in a submarine that has sunk. But I am going crazy. These dogs, this Esthonia, and this mother-in-law, with her terrible stick, are turning my brain. And this Peïpus who does not come.

The dogs begin to growl, very softly. They murmur as once we did, at Mme Bruneau's. They seem to be chanting. I feel them closing in. What, then, is the symbol of this adventure? This naked woman and these mastiffs who chant in a romantic château—I should like to know what it means, and, if I am not busied trembling and sweating at the fetid sources of man's very life, first of all what will happen to men—pale and excremental spewing-out in the weeds, alongside the obscene waves—when these exhalations define themselves, everywhere, and harden, and when everything is lost in the shining egg Berlingen trundles down the highways of the world . . .

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One of the most readable of Soviet reporters pays a visit—and his compliments—to the capital city of Soviet Russia's latest ally, republican France.

A Communist *in* Paris

By Vladimir Lidin

Translated from *Izvestia*
Moscow Official Government Daily

On A grayish Paris day a few lonely lovers of painting and literature wandered into the Bibliothèque Nationale. Silence reigned in the darkened rooms, where a jubilee exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Victor Hugo's death was on display: huge mediæval manuscripts with broad margins for insertions and corrections—*L'Homme qui rit*, *Les Travailleurs de la mer*, *Nôtre-Dame de Paris*. Complicated, monumental works. A long life of labor. The old-age portrait of a man who made France famous by a half-century's work. The opened manuscripts testified to the complete literary creation of their author. He stirred huge clods of history, which now mark the path of French literary development. Another wonderful master of a past epoch, Goya, was represented by a series of passionate etchings, whose hatred of war and of mankind's stupidity proclaimed the glory of another art. Now they were neighbors—Goya and Hugo. Two masters representing two different arts.

Only one block separates the quiet building of the Bibliothèque Nationale with its archives, manuscripts, and books from the noisy and unabashed square of contemporary life. On the square rises the many-columned building of the Bourse. On that day unusual cries, recalling a rebellion rehearsed on the stage of some theatre, carried as far as the library. While debates went forward about granting full power to the Government in the financial field, stocks, government bonds, and rentes rose and fell. All the porticos of the Bourse were packed with people. Crazed men with notebooks in their hands rushed at one another. An odor of human sweat filled these rooms, where the speculators raised their hue and cry. Guards in white trousers and blue jackets wandered along the balconies, where the prices were noted

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down in chalk. Oil stocks, government bonds, bank stocks, Citroën stocks, even the Russian Tsarist debt, as useless as waste paper, had their prices.

Who of these crazed men was interested in the fate of France, the financial worries of the nation, the question of national defense? Guards with microphones and earphones walked along the balconies and wrote down new prices. The sweaty herd below pushed, and cried, and raised its hands, grew wealthy and then destitute. They could always acquire wealth, under all historical circumstances, whether war were declared or peace were maintained. The historical progress of the nation did not affect them at all. The renown of French heroes, the importance of French art meant nothing. The speculators entangled the nation in a net of cabalistic agreements with private organizations, railroad companies, gas and electric companies, and the bus and trolley lines of Paris.

II

In Paris to-day there are still quarters where the dull gas light of a past century replaces electricity. For an old agreement is still in force giving the gas companies a monopoly there. The Napoleonic code, which has not been brought up to date in decades, moves like an antiquated locomotive and puts a brake on the country's progress. It condemns thousands of people to bow down to old-fashioned laws and circumstances.

The company that controls the Paris buses is not at all inclined to improve and modernize the old green rattletrap that is euphemistically called a bus. With grinding sounds and a mighty cry this contraption takes off, rumbling as it goes. The inside is divided into different classes, for even here the division of the population into social classes is strictly observed. Most of the people stand on the rear platform; the crisis has depleted the first class. The company had to take out some of the seats and install standing room instead. But two or three benches in the first-class section remain unchanged, a symbol of class distinctions.

The Paris population hates these buses and street-cars and considers them basic elements of exploitation by private owners. In every conflict the people take the passenger's side, for they unconsciously feel that they are being cheated and given a minimum of comfort for the fare. The people always wonder which is preferable, the discomfort of a bus ride or the discomfort of a subway ride, which is characterized by bad ventilation, a warmish ammonia smell, and long steep stairways, which one has to scale in order to reach the light of day.

The subway platforms glitter with coal dust. Now and then someone comes with a teapot of water and sprays the dust. Then the thin dirt slithers under foot. The same practice of social justice divides the cars into first and second classes. The majority ride in second class. During rush hours the stifling air makes one dizzy and somewhat seasick. Awkward iron balustrades, intended to guide the flow of passengers, hit you on the knees. At the express stations, Palais-Royal and Opéra, you have to walk for half a kilometre along underground corridors if you want to change to another train. These underground

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stations look like servants' quarters. They do not arouse a single æsthetic emotion. The comfort of the population was never a problem to all these companies that control the country's means of communication.

III

In France only one railroad line, the one that goes to Brittany and Normandy, belongs to the Government. The rest are in the hands of private owners. Competition runs high along all these roads. The idea of progress and maximum efficiency plays no rôle whatever. Electrification is a problem of the hour. But, because the railroad directors also own factories producing rolling stock and coal mines, which furnish coal to the railways, coal is fighting electricity, and, because electrification would mean heavy losses to the coal-mine owners, who are also the railroad directors, coal has been victorious in this battle.

The condition of railroad travel and the technical equipment do not meet the problems of the age and the demands of the population. The people go on breathing coal smoke, and they must rest content with the comforts that the company offers, with shaking rattletraps and similar delights.

The Rothschild family, five people in all, controls the French railways: the northern and eastern lines and the line that goes to the Mediterranean. The struggle for railroad electrification was one in which stocks, influence, and the press were the chief actors. The press belonging to the coal magnates proved the strongest.

For the past few years a fierce battle has been raging between the railroad and the bus. The bus was quicker and more comfortable. The bus took the peasant to his cottage door. It therefore competed with the railroad, and a few of the smaller lines were shut down. In this way, six thousand kilometres of lines that had been running at a deficit were 'liquidated.' But the representatives of the railroad industry had a law passed in Parliament forbidding buses to carry baggage and to open new lines. Furthermore, gasoline prices were raised, and the tax on the railroads was lowered. The bus was defeated. It did not have enough backers in Parliament and the more powerful newspapers were controlled by its opponents. Michelin, the automobile king, could not withstand the attack of the railroad men.

True to form, the French railroads show a deficit. But this is advantageous to the coal and steel producers, for they have an unfailing supply of orders, and, after all, it is the Government that covers the deficit.

A supreme railroad council centralizes all the railroads. It is composed of twenty members representing the railroad workers and employees, thirty representing the consumers, ten representing the Government, and a hundred and twenty representing the railroad owners. Such is this council, and such is the distribution of votes. The subway is closely connected with the railroads, and is also a concession. The Paris buses, too, are run on a concession, and the gas companies benefit by a similar arrangement. These concessions and all the attendant privileges established during the last century have caught the country in a net. Ancient statutes safeguard the sanctity of former agreements.

No inhabitant of Paris who rushes down into the dark and disagreeable

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Metro can understand the joy and pride of the men who built the Moscow subway. He will not understand how a problem of municipal construction can become a life preoccupation for the whole population. He is not accustomed to æsthetic pleasure in his traveling. He does not understand why anyone should worry about the anonymous city dwellers, whom the city conveyances carry by the million.

In the Musée Carnavalet in Paris there are plans of the city during the middle of the last century. Nothing has changed. The houses stand to-day as witnesses to the past, with their dark apartments, which lack the most elementary comforts. Old agreements and deeds guard the antiquity of these dwellings. They delight antique lovers, but in these houses people are living and children are born, who, from their earliest days, become accustomed to these damp holes, which have neither light nor air. Similar ancient agreements safeguard the rights of the railroad owners, the coal exploiters, and innumerable other concessions.

IV

Once upon a time there was a man called Hugo, who wrote old-fashioned manuscripts. Long ago Jaurès pronounced impassioned speeches. The heart of Gambetta lies peacefully in an urn in the Panthéon. Fighters in the cause of freedom and grandeur built the fame of France. The means of communication in the country are the means of increasing its culture and technique and improving living conditions. In the remote rooms of the Bibliothèque Nationale silence protects the great names of the past. The many-columned Bourse raises its hue and cry and broadcasts its voice throughout the world. All its efforts toward progress take the form of self-enrichment.

V

The chief of one of the Moscow subway lines walked back and forth in his empty office. The subway was built. His office was a temporary affair, about to be removed. He had spent three years of struggle and work in this office. Everything in it was dear to him and had become a part of his private life. He did not want to leave this crude and uncomfortable cell, for he was one of the men who had built this most wonderful creation of our time; and it lay close to his heart.

Foreign journalists saw portraits of the best shock workers displayed in the Moscow subway. In Europe only football players, boxers, politicians, famous criminals, or moving-picture stars achieve this honor. What man of the West could understand the simple human joy of the men who built our subway, who came with their families to take the first trip along its newly opened lines? For they had made all this with their own hands, and each one of them had a share in it. They felt the joy of the goal achieved.

In the Paris Bourse the crowd howls madly, selling railroad shares and heavy-industry shares back and forth. A new subway line, new equipment mean a rise in stocks. Coal has conquered electricity: a new victory. Six thousand kilometres of railway lines have been liquidated: another excuse for speculation. The lonely figures of workers descend into the earth, where they slowly and languidly build the new subway line. No one is interested in these people's work, and their pic-

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tures will not appear in the stations they are building.

The big companies control the press and the banks. The railroad magnates deal in coal. During the last ten years railroad fares rose two hundred and fifty per cent. The railroad deficit, which amounts to about ten billion francs a year, was decreased by cutting salaries in the lower brackets. The salaries of the important executives and administrators, together with the shareholders' dividends, would probably cover the greater part of this deficit. The Government, however, pays it all.

Recent newsreels show the latest locomotives, which have made speed records. These miracles of contemporary technical development are demonstrated simultaneously with football matches, automobile races, and various other shock enterprises of world publicity. But the means of communication that really control the country present a different picture. The liquidation of thousands of kilometres of railroad lines, the mad struggle for influence, the speculative agitation, and the victory of the coal king over poor, unrecognized electricity proceed at a different tempo.

VI

Lonely Hugo is crowded into a room of the Bibliothèque Nationale along with his old manuscripts. Goya's passionate paintings direct their venom against war. But, when the country started its programme of national defense and tremendous financial enterprises, the kings of the ways of communication and similar enterprises played on a falling market and put millions of francs in their pockets. The switchmen and the men who oil the cars will answer with their humble salaries if this speculation should go wrong.

The green rattletrap goes on its way with a bouquet of people on the rear platform. In the front, the first class is as empty as a missing tooth. The crisis has cracked down on it, but it still carries on as a reminder of the signal men, the men who oil the cars, and all the luckless categories on all the means of transport throughout the country.

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BOOKS ABROAD

WE HAVE BEEN WARNED. *By Naomi Mitchison. London: Constable. 1935.*

(H. N. Brailsford in the *Observer*, London)

NAOMI MITCHISON has turned from remote historic themes to the social clashes of to-day. The break is not so absolute as one might suppose. She was always an explorer. Her *Corn King and Spring Queen* was a big achievement, first, because she felt her way under the skins of her Scythian barbarians, and, second, because she saw drama in the conflict of their primitive culture with that of Hellas in decay. The same adventurous imagination faces in *We Have Been Warned* our own class struggle, but, because it moves among contemporary loves and hates, it develops a wholly new intensity and passion. Mrs. Mitchison is still exploring, now among the workers of a dismal town in the English Midlands, and again in Russia. She still sees two rival civilizations at grips, but her vision is now the anguished foresight of a Cassandra.

The theme of this moving book recalls Turgeniev's *Virgin Soil.* A sensitive and aristocratic 'intellectual' seeks to cross the gulf that divides her from the working masses. Dione, like most of her class who embrace socialism, is disturbed by the inequalities of capitalist society. The advantages of nurture and education that they and their children enjoy turn to shame and reproach as they survey the strata beneath them. Dione is not content to work for a social revolution, she tries, conscious all the while of the two clashing scales of æsthetic values, to become one of the people and to obliterate class in her dealings with her comrades. Her background is drawn with sensitive power and not a little verbal magic. We learn to know Dione and her family in their Highland home; easily, yet with a notable technical mastery, the pages reveal the riches of the life they inherited—the clan tradition, the memory of an ancestress tried for witchcraft, the fairy life of childhood, which drew its mythology impartially from Greek vases and Gælic folklore, the layer on layer of vicarious experience that came from Oxford, the Bach choir, and contemporary art. And then we plunge into the drab poverty of the poorer streets of a Midland town, where Dione's husband, an Oxford don, is Labor candidate.

The manner changes; imagination wilts, and with the literal accuracy of a diary we plod through a Parliamentary election. One must not spoil the story by telling precisely how romance burst in on this prosaic scene. Presently Dione is helping a proletarian comrade to flee for his life to Russia. There is sex to be reckoned with when one crosses the gulf of class. It led in this case to complications that are told with humor and an insight that is still sensitive in spite of the startling modern frankness. The Russian background is very slightly sketched. A second Russian episode, a love affair of the don's, struck me as a distracting irrelevance. The interrupted theme is renewed, however, as Dione returns to England. Into another adventure of sex, an ugly and

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painful one, she stumbles in her effort to cross the barrier. But she strides on, hampered by sensitive mind and vibrant body, in her search for the classless society of the future. The future grips her, however, in another way. A baby, conceived in loyal wedlock, asserts its rights against all modern temptations.

There is here and elsewhere rather more physiological detail than is artistically justifiable. These passages, because they are willfully strident, distract one's attention from the main theme. The coming of this baby introduces the central motive of all human optimism—the tranquil procession of the generations, the confident planning for an assured future, in which children shall inherit what fathers build. From this one crashes suddenly into one of the most moving passages written in our day. To Dione, heavy with her child, the ghost of her witch ancestress shows, through the white stone, a 'warning' of the future. There is blood and ruin in the cultured Oxford home, and the don falls to the firing squad of the Fascist counter-revolution. The thing is done with such power, the vision has a detail so sharp, that one rises from it in the grip of a compelling fear. This is an unusual book. There is beauty in it mixed with ugliness, but always there is sincerity, and often there is power.

LE TEMPS DU MÉPRIS. *By André Malraux. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1935.*

(Gabriel Marcel in *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

THE very beautiful story that M. André Malraux has just published draws on exactly the same inspiration as *La Condition humaine*. It would be inappropriate, moreover, to reproach the author for the constancy of his aim, even if it were connected, as I think it is, with a permanent obsession. After the Chinese inquisitors, we meet the Nazi executioners and the horrors of the concentration camps, and, however far removed one may be from M. Malraux's convictions, it is impossible not to share his indignation in the presence of the picture that he evokes—a picture that we have no reason to believe exaggerated.

Of course,—and I want to make this point very clear,—it is sad to think that he has probably never given the victims of the Bolshevists a single ounce of the pity that he lavishes on the victims of Hitlerism, and I remain convinced that the arguments with which certain people would attempt to rationalize this difference in 'sentimental reaction' are pure sophisms, unworthy of consideration. But this is not the place to dwell on this sad anomaly. The memory of the Russian atrocities does not make the thought of the German atrocities more tolerable, for we are now in a sphere where compensation and neutralization are impossible. Evil, which is both identical in its essence and polymorphous, is constantly reborn under our eyes, and each one of us can observe the infinite variations that the rudimentary themes of pride, violence, and negation may assume. The ideologist, relying on his resourcefulness, would certainly never have suspected such devilish fertility.

It is difficult to think of *The Time of Scorn* as anything but a simple episode taken from a larger work. In a few lines M. Malraux retraces his hero's career. The Nazis have imprisoned Kassner, but his real identity has

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never been definitely established. 'The son of a miner, a scholarship student at the university, organizer of a proletarian theatre, prisoner in Russia, member of the Red Army, delegated to China and Mongolia, returning to Germany as a writer in 1932 to organize the Ruhr strikes against the Papen decree, organizer of the illegal information service, and former vice-president of the Red Aid.' This is merely a notice, but it is obvious that its parts correspond to the most precise and emotionally clear pictures in the mind of their author.

Malraux has never written anything better than the pages where the prisoner recalls certain scenes and episodes of his private life. A guard humming in the corridor awakens the melodies dormant in his soul. 'Deep in his closed eyes troublous waves broke into foam, waves as benumbed as his own wounds, yielding to the solemnity of the deep. Then, as though the long sonorous forest were bending at the passage of a hand, the song set and arose suddenly, tugging at all his wounds, raising him like a ship to the height of pain.'

The prisoner has been obsessed by the nightmare of a vulture locked in the same cage with him. The bird plucks pieces of flesh from his body and greedily stares at his eyes. Bit by bit this obsession is submerged in a flood of music and pictures—in 'an inexhaustible communion, in which music perpetuated the past by freeing him from time, by mixing everything in his existence, just as life and death fuse in the stillness of the starry sky. Scraps of war scenes, women's voices, fleeting shadows, all these memories dissolved in an endless rain, which poured down on all things as if its inexhaustible flow would drag them to the depths of the past. . . . Mongolian sky over Tatar camel drivers kneeling in the dust of the Gobi desert amid the odor of dry jasmine, their hymns suddenly cut short by the evening prayer: "And, if this night be a night of destiny, then blessed be it till the break of dawn."'

No one can doubt that the man who wrote this page is one of the greatest writers of our time—but also more than a writer, for, if there ever was a book that could not be reproached for being 'literature,' this is, I believe, the one. The author has so completely identified himself with his hero that it is difficult to believe that he has not himself known this nameless agony, this hopeless terror of a man who is the prey of monsters during a prison night. In reading a story of such poignant intensity, we must humbly take cognizance of the inner dullness that permits us to imagine so inadequately the tortures endured by those who have had the courage to remain themselves and to denounce criminal folly in the midst of an intoxicated people.

In this sense *The Time of Scorn* is a call to action, the most pathetic one in existence; the tragedy of it resides in the fact that this call is inevitably futile. Can M. Malraux have the slightest illusion on this point? One is tempted to believe so as one reads the pages that he devotes to a protest meeting for the benefit of the victims of Hitlerism, which takes place in Prague and in which Kassner participates immediately following his liberation (an unknown man for some mysterious reason pretended that he was Kassner and thus saved the man whose place he assumed).

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I must confess that personally I am almost completely agnostic on this point. Do these words, which are only words, after all, no matter how vehement they may be, have any influence over reality? It would seem that there is an unbridgeable abyss at this point between a man who is a Christian and a man who is n't. The believer in prayer cannot believe in speeches, for speeches, to him, are no more than the laical and degraded expression of a plea to the superhuman. I do not contest that this or that testimonial may arouse the most powerful emotion, but is there anything here resembling effectiveness? This is something that I will never fully believe, and I doubt whether M. Malraux, who is so completely consumed by radical pessimism, would not probably agree with me.

Moreover, I admit that this pessimism has its counterpart. Just as in *La Condition humaine*, we find here human comradeship in its most fertile and most serious meaning, the comradeship that exists between men condemned to death, a pact that only suffering and death could seal and that would perhaps never have been concluded in a less tragic and a less absurd world. One has the feeling that the author is bound to affirm and proclaim cosmic chaos in order to think of man as a brother. I shall go even further and say that it is only in an atmosphere of madness and persecution that a certain feeling, or rather a certain desire, for localized fraternity takes form.

Let us imagine a world pacified as though by miracle and bathed in the light of universal reconciliation. How would the author of *La Condition humaine* look here? In that world I can see place only for his epitaph—perhaps an anonymous one.

A basic inability to achieve the universal, a no less radical inability to express joy and praise (the two go hand in hand, if they do not coincide) —this, it seems to me, is the central and painful deficiency of a personality that is one of the most avid and the most radically incapable of creative fidelity that we have ever met on this earth.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF YUKICHI FUKUZAWA. *Translated by Enichi Kiyooka. Tokyo: the Hokuseido Press. 1934.*

SEIJI NOMA: *the Autobiography of a Japanese Newspaper King. Berlin: Holle und Co. 1935.*

(Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

READING these two books teaches us more about Japan, especially how it sees itself and how we should see it, than almost everything else that has been read and written outside Japan in a vain attempt to understand the East. We always feel the East attracting us, but perhaps that is because we are not so profoundly different in our ultimate humanity and perhaps it is only when we are spoken to in human terms that we can really understand.

What went to make up the life and wisdom of Yukichi Fukuzawa? Something that we know very well in our own world—a man's fight for his convictions and that zealous promotion of his own ego that we have become familiar with in the forms of Rousseau's *Confessions*, Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and the whole literature of a developing personality. Mr. Fukuzawa's autobiography is an example. It is the

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story of a man who believed in himself to the end and believed that, in advancing himself, he was promoting and revealing the welfare of everybody. He had the gifts both of promotion and revelation, and he was able not only to perceive what he wanted but to achieve it. He describes how all this happened so clearly and plausibly, and he writes from the depths of such a strong and beautiful soul that we read this book of his with interest and sympathy.

Fukuzawa was born when Japan was in a condition of transition from a feudal state to the sovereign empire of the Meijis, of which we have some idea but no clear conception. He was a member of the advance guard fighting for a new spiritual life and for the opening up of Japan. He traveled on the ship that America provided for the first official journey of Japanese representatives to the West at a time when Japan had no knowledge of western ways. When the ship arrived in San Francisco, it was laden with Japanese food because everyone on board, Fukuzawa included, believed that western food was inedible.

After his return, Fukuzawa compiled the enormous encyclopedia that overwhelmed Japan with information about western learning and skill. He always held aloof from officials. He wanted Japan to enjoy complete possession of all the learning, and hence all the skill, in the world. He did not want to be any man's servant, just as he refused to remain with his own caste and participate in the struggles of the feudal lords against the central power, for he was saturated with the acute wisdom that gives this whole book such an unforgettable character. He always remained himself and did not associate with any party. He was a supreme example of complete individualism: he had no thought of personal advantage and was completely devoted to the welfare of the community. The period was, of course, favorable to such a phenomenon, and this phenomenon did not solve any social problems, as we see them. But his career is no less illuminating in showing the possibilities of human greatness.

A generation separates Seiji Noma, the newspaper king, from this wise man. Here we see the new Japan, built on Fukuzawa's ideals—a Europeanized Japan, but very Japanese. Before us stands perhaps the most successful Japanese business man of the twentieth century, a man who has profited enormously from his country's expansion, a process that occurred in so short a time and with such unbelievable thoroughness because a whole nation decided to learn what was worth learning.

Seiji Noma was an obscure teacher, a university secretary and pure idealist, but he learned that the price of paper could be lowered. Not only did he learn this quickly, but he became the biggest publisher in the eastern hemisphere, a man who needs fifty thousand sheep a month merely to provide leather backs for his books. Here is the story of another strong man's development, a man whose interior life was disordered and stormy and who lays all his problems before us, telling us how he struggled and how he sought for wisdom of the same kind that Fukuzawa possessed. In spite of their infinite differences in point of view, these two books have a profound similarity that brings us close to the essence of the Far East.

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They provide a comparison between the practical and theoretical idealists of Japan. Both are permeated with practical wisdom.

Noma was one of the most successful and important publishers in the world, comparable to Hearst and Northcliffe, yet he turned back to the period against which Fukuzawa so energetically rebelled. He achieved enormous wealth by publishing newspapers that recalled to the Japanese people their old heroic legends, combining these with popular descriptions of the present time. He had an uncanny eye for the right mixture of past and present, which used to be, and still remains, the essence and driving power of the Japanese people. We feel that, if we could read his newspapers and books, which are so full of romanticism and American realism in strange combination, we should understand Japan. Noma remained an idealist, a patriot, a friend of man, but, when he was seeking to accomplish some definite purpose with his newspapers, he did so with the greatest finesse and care. He never forced the public. At the outset of his career the great problem that confronted him as a publisher was how willing his public might be to read. His great achievement is that he was the first man in Japan to cause them to do so.

Both books clearly indicate how a Japanese lives among his own people. Certainly he can lead a healthy, active life, a life that is both moral and practical, reared on foundations that have elements of both conflict and peace.

One final word. How modern Noma is! Of course, he had his autobiography written by somebody else. It is very brilliant and entirely authentic. But does n't this ghost-writing, as his American teachers call it, have its shameful points?

STALINE. *By Henri Barbusse. Paris: Flammarion. 1935.*

(Louis Aragon in *Monde*, Paris)

OUR native Fascists, mimicking the language of Mussolini and Hitler, call the years through which we are now living—the 'hollow years' of the General Staff—the 'years of decision.' For us, the decisive years are those marking the great steps toward a socialist world—1871, 1905, 1917. Gentlemen of Versailles, we desire nothing so much as to add new years to these dates.

The literature that was born of these lighthouse years after 1871 recalls the names of Rimbaud, Lautréamont, Vallès, Zola. Old Hugo himself was carried away by the storm. The formidable convulsion of society raised the ship of culture like a wave. But the wave is falling. The victorious bourgeoisie is furnishing its house with small chairs set in a circle, which illustrate the colonial policies of Jules Ferry, Pierre Loti, and Claude Farrère, recently elected to the Academy.

1905: the Paris lesson is taken up by St. Petersburg, Moscow, and all the Russias. In a world in which the great men are the Kiplings, the D'Annunzio's, and the Barrèses, the power of the proletariat raises a fearful giant, Maxim Gorki. At each drive of the labor movement magnificent works come to life. Mutiny on the French front and the Russian Revolution of 1917 produced Henri Barbusse's *Le Feu* in France. His greatness will make him the writer of the years of decision —the man who wrote *Le Feu* during the War and *Staline* in 1935.

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An important book, an essential book, which is in every way the equal of its predecessor, written in time of war. *Staline* is more than a book, it is a picture and a weapon. At the present time the entire French bourgeoisie, whether it plays the Fascist card or whether it plays the Alliance-Russe card, tries to discredit the Soviet Revolution through Stalin and assails the world revolution with the help of the Trotskiites and the successors of Hervé. Whether we wish it or not, our whole faith in the revolutionary future of humanity is centred on Stalin. Stalin personifies the heritage of labor history, the long teachings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. As Stalin has said, 'Leninism is Marxism during the imperialist period.'

With regard to Stalin's teaching, no matter how it comes to us, even through M. Laval's press communiqués, we cannot help saying that it is Marxism during the period of wars and revolution, during the period when Fascism is the principal danger, during the period when the proletarian State is growing and marching toward victory. Just as all the horror of war, the revolt of the men at the front, the workers at the rear, the women enslaved in the factories and militarized fields came to life in *Le Feu*, so in Barbusse's latest book, *Staline*, all the hope, all the revolutionary workers' will to struggle for victory, and the immense part played by the petty bourgeoisie—which, during the municipal elections of 1935, sealed its first pact with the proletariat, a forerunner of a future alliance that we call the dictatorship of the proletariat—come to life. We are swept along from page to page behind the leader, who is so 'extraordinarily simple,' in Avdeenko's words, 'the man with the head of a scholar, the face of a worker, and the dress of a simple soldier,' as Henri Barbusse says.

On the very day when I am writing this article big placards have been hung out over the walls of Paris, 'STALIN IS RIGHT.' On the boulevard crowds are reading them, just where a little over a year ago bands of Jeunesses Patriotes and Croix de Feu burned newsstands, pillaged food stores, and sung the Marseillaise. STALIN IS RIGHT: that is what Henri Barbusse says, and that is what we proclaim with him. STALIN IS RIGHT: that is the great banner that is now unfurled over our future struggles. STALIN IS RIGHT.

And, just as there was the generation of *Le Feu*, so some day people will say there was the generation of Stalin. Henri Barbusse, biographer of Stalin, translates in his last book the new drive among the masses, which brought over two hundred thousand of us to the Mur des Fédérés. And millions of us will be there when the time for the new Commune comes.

WHEN BRITAIN GOES TO WAR. *By Captain Liddell Hart. London: Faber and Faber. 1935.*

(Major General E. D. Swinton in the *Observer*, London)

THE adjective 'stimulating'—overworked though it be—exactly describes the effect produced on the mind by Captain Liddell Hart's latest work. The book is more than stimulating. It is both instructive and disturbing and, on the latter count, will be anathema in those quarters where complacency and laisser-faire hold sway. But to the majority of its read-

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ers, especially to the younger generation of soldiers, it will come as manna.

The argument of the book runs generally counter to the easy course of blindly accepting established doctrine and tradition as a guide to future action. Nevertheless, a large portion of it is a lengthy and reasoned plea for a return to tradition as exemplified in the historic strategy of Britain. It is a plea for us to revert in war to our three-century-old practice of exploiting economic pressure by means of our sea power and of employing military intervention at the vulnerable points of the enemy. And, in developing this argument, Captain Hart speculates as to what might have happened had we followed out this policy (which was, in fact, that advocated by the 'Easterners') during the War. The chapter, however, which, in view of the facts regarding the intentions and preparations of certain neighboring Powers quite recently officially revealed, will probably excite the greatest general interest is that dealing with 'War in the Air' and its corollary, 'Speed in War.'

Though written in the intriguing and interesting style of which Captain Hart is a master and which must attract and incite the casual reader as well as the serious student, every chapter of the book merits reading and re-reading. Chapter V, 'Strategy Reframed,' as the author explains in his foreword, demands even more. It calls for the closest study. Among well-established other contentions, it is suggested that the height of strategy is to produce a decision—'the destruction of the enemy's armed forces through their unarming by surrender —without any fighting,' i.e., without what Clausewitz called 'the bloody solution.' In fact, the battle, or 'combat,' is dethroned from the high place it held in the mind of that philosopher. Captain Hart also accentuates, quite rightly, the supreme value of surprise in war and incidentally gives us an apt expression in 'the line of least expectation'—a psychological equivalent to the familiar 'line of least resistance.'

The chapter dealing in detail with the lessons of the manœuvres of recent years should be of particular interest to our military leaders—possibly all the more so because some of them make painful reading. The value, however, of this expert criticism of our efforts at development and appreciation of the actual progress made is all the greater by reason of its objective nature. For a full evaluation of its significance, this book should be read in conjunction with other recent publications, among them *Behind the Smoke Screen* by Brigadier General Groves and *The Army in My Time* by Major General Fuller. These two works also illustrate a trend of thought the influence of which is expanding every day. In the light of the army estimates just presented to Parliament and the disclosure of the state of affairs in Europe since Captain Hart put pen to paper, his book could not have appeared at a more opportune moment.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST animal vivisection remains one of the most serious obstacles to the progress of medicine and surgery. This prejudice has been attacked—or, rather, exposed—with commendable skill in a recent pamphlet issued by the New York City Cancer Committee of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Entitled *On Health's Highway, Progress in Relation to Cancer Control* (obtainable from the Committee, 150 East 83 St., New York City, at 50 cents), this pamphlet consists of 14 attractive picture charts showing the vital rôle played by animal experimentation in the fields of anatomy, surgery, physiology, drugs, bacteriology, cancer research, and animal diseases. Among the numerous examples given the following may be cited:—

Surgery: Many hitherto fatal diseases of the intestines and the stomach have been made operable only through knowledge obtained by experimentation on animals, including dogs. The same is true of chest and breast ailments, notably cancer, and we owe to monkeys (as well as Pavlov's dogs) the surgeon's skill in performing the most delicate operations upon the brain. Malignant pigmented tumors of the eye now yield to the knife only because of carefully controlled animal experiments, which have also facilitated the technique of skin grafting.

Physiology: Our knowledge of the mechanism of respiration, circulation, of neural and muscular action would not have been possible without animals. Claude Bernard, one of the greatest of the moderns, initiated the physiology of metabolism—especially in the digestive tract—through researches on dogs: thanks largely to which also, Ivan Pavlov obtained the Nobel Prize in 1904.

Drugs: Among the important drugs whose medical value is due to animal experimentation are: amyl nitrite (angina pectoris), digitalis (heart stimulant), chenopodium (hookworm), insulin (diabetes), and viosterol (rickets). It is also a fact that all modern drugs for producing sleep and reducing fever owe their efficacy to a careful study of their effects upon animal units.

Bacteriology: Without the most prolonged and exacting research on animals, many an anti-vivisectionist and his children would have died from infective diseases. Setting aside such insect-borne maladies as the Black Death, yellow fever, and malaria (there seems to be small objection to experimenting on fleas, lice, and mosquitoes, despite their scavenging rôle in the scheme of things!), we may note diphtheria, brought under control through the animal experimentation of Klebs, Loeffler, Roux, and Yersin; tuberculosis, the bacillus of which was discovered by Koch and the modern dietary treatment of which was developed by Trudeau through experiments on rabbits; hydrophobia, conquered by Pasteur. Pneumonia, smallpox, infantile paralysis, and tetanus, or lockjaw, could not have been understood, let alone controlled, without extensive use of animals, and the dreaded *spirochæta pallida*, bacterium of syphilis, yielded up many of its lethal mysteries through Mechnikov's experiments on monkeys.

CANCER RESEARCH, however, has been among the most notable examples of the dependence of medical progress on animal experimentation. In every instance—particularly in connection with what is known as 'industrial cancer'—liberal use was made of rabbits, guinea pigs, and the ubiquitous laboratory rat. The results, though far from solving the basic problems of cause and origin, are so impressive that any attempt to enforce the absurd and inverted 'humanitarianism' of the anti-vivisectionist would terminate in a social calamity worse than war. It is to

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such organizations as the American Society for the Control of Cancer—working in close coöperation with the great medical and biological research foundations—that we are indebted for the kind of knowledge by which eventually we may hope to conquer the scourge of suffering and disease.

AN INTERESTING—if far from cheerful—picture of the unholy alliance between science and war is presented in a recent issue of *Army Ordnance*, official organ of the (American) Army Ordnance Association. Alden H. Waitt, a captain in the Chemical Warfare Service of the U. S. Army, in an article 'Europe Looks at Chemical Warfare,' has assembled the views of a number of high-ranking military authorities on the rôle of poison gases and other chemicals in the rapidly approaching Second World War. The following extracts are sufficiently eloquent to require little comment:—

Major Paul Murphy, former director of experiments of the Chemical Defense Experimental Station, Porton, England: 'Of the many chemical substances discovered during the War to have value for military purposes, the most striking was . . . mustard gas. So rapid was its advance as a weapon that the supply figures toward the end of the War show clearly that it was rapidly overtaking even high explosives as a charging for artillery shells and other projectiles. Moreover, unlike the other gases it was never adequately countered by defense. Add to this that subsequent research has shown *far more effective methods of employing it and is still unable to provide a wholly effective defense against it*, and its potentiality for military purposes will be apparent to all.' (Emphasis in original; Captain Waitt adds, 'Major Murphy might have gone even further in his claims for mustard gas.')

Dr. Rudolph Hanslian, author of 'one of the most complete, conservative, and accurate books on chemical warfare' (German authority): 'The extraordinary superiority of the airplane, compared with the gun, as a means of transporting poison gases lies especially in the fact that the airplane is able to bring the poison combat substances to the target in a much more favorable weight ratio to casing. . . . Much more favorable for the airplane does this figure become with the spray method from tank containers . . . in which case there is no projectile casing whatever.'

Italian 'Instructions on Defense against the Combat Chemicals' (Rome, 1930): 'Aviation will certainly be employed with great frequency . . . especially against troops in masses, columns in march, and reserves . . . The combat chemical may be sprayed in the form of drops from an airplane flying at low altitude, rendering untenable or impassable sections of the country that have been laid out in reference to the plan of attack or defense that the enemy intends to develop.' In blunt English, this means, 'In chemical warfare you can't win.'

'IN THE SOVIET UNION,' Captain Waitt tells us, 'the chemical and air arms are very closely related.' In proof of this he offers the book, *Military Chemistry*, by Commandant Y. M. Fishman, chief of the Military Chemical Administration of the Red Army. 'This work,' he writes, 'is of especial interest since it is the only published statement that exists to-day covering the complete tactical doctrine on chemical warfare of a major Power.' Commandant Fishman thus describes one of the chemical methods whereby the Soviet Union is prepared to defend itself against attack: those who are disposed to shudder at the ferocity of this description would do well to remember the unchallenged record for peace and disarmament of a country that is, nevertheless, superbly equipped 'for labor—and defense':—

Discussing the possibilities of mustard gas or lewisite, Fishman writes: 'The essence of infecting a locality consists in spraying and throwing on the surface of

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the ground the persistent poisons, especially those of vesicant action, in consequence of which sections of the locality are made very dangerous for the troops that are there . . . The vesicant agents, which work through ordinary clothing and shoes, make it impossible to remain in the poisoned sections unless provided with masks and special costumes; even if these latter might be technically and economically available in large quantities for the troops, they would occasion enormous inconvenience in movement and would cripple the fighting qualities of the men.'

Not to be outdone in chemical ingenuity, the openly belligerent Italian Fascist régime has developed 'four methods of creating mustard-gas zones. The first is called terrestrial spraying, using hand or vehicle devices, and is employed for zones just in advance of the front lines. The next is called "mustard poisoning by fire" and is accomplished by the artillery generally of small or medium calibre. It is used for infecting ground at some distance from friendly troops, which the enemy must traverse. The third method is "aërial spraying" by planes flying at low altitudes and is used to the rear of the enemy as well as near one's own front. The fourth method is by "aërial bombardment" with mustard bombs. It is intended for deep in the rear of the enemy.'

Captain Waitt concludes, 'The shouting and tumult over miraculous possibilities of the new arm have finally died away, and we find the nations accepting the chemical as a logical, useful, and necessary weapon . . . While recognizing the limitations of gas, they must not lose sight of the great potentialities of this weapon, which is universal in that it applies to all arms. A discussion as to which is superior, high explosive or gas, should not cause military men to forget that together they form a perfect team.'

Great potentialities of this weapon . . . a perfect team . . .

One is reminded of the title of Plivier's terrible novel of post-war Germany, *The Kaiser Goes—the Generals Remain* . . . For how much longer?

SCIENCE EDUCATION is supposed to be one of the characteristics of the present day—especially in the high schools and colleges. That this is somewhat too favorable a view is made clear by certain facts presented in a recent study on *Science and the Public Mind* by Benjamin C. Gruenberg (New York, McGraw-Hill Book Co., $2.00). Dr. Gruenberg analyzes figures published in the 1934 *Handbook of Adult Education in the United States* and shows that, for the 16 institutions studied, 'the ratio of science courses to total offerings ranged from 0.6 to 22.2 per cent and the ratio of enrollments in science to the total enrollments ranged from 0.2 to 15 per cent.' Taking the averages, we find that, out of a total of 5,637 courses offered, only 4.4 per cent (or 262) were in the sciences, while of a total registration of 119,380, only 6,036, or 5.3 per cent, elected science courses.

These far from impressive figures are enforced by the record of high schools and popular lectures. It is shown that 'the mean percentage of work in science taken by the graduates' of six well-known high schools in five American cities declined from 17.7 per cent in 1890 to 10.1 per cent in 1930, while for the field of adult education we have the following statement by Miss Winifred Fisher, executive secretary of the New York Council of Adult Education (period of 1933–34):—

'Out of 9,642 adult education offerings, 9 per cent are in the field of science; 7 per cent of the offerings in occupational training are also in the field of science, such as engineering. The chief items offered to the layman in science are in the realm of health and hygiene and mathematics.'

Conditions are little better in the field of workers' education. Thus we find that at the well-known Rand School of Social Sciences in New York City, only 6 per cent of the total registrations for the period 1925–28 were in definitely scientific

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courses. For the United States as a whole the place of science in workers' education was down to 3 per cent of the total courses over the period 1920–27—and the subject 'health' ranked at the very bottom, with 1.5 per cent. (The most popular subject was 'language and expression,' with 30 per cent, and psychology trailed well behind with 6.7 per cent.) Similar ratios obtain for evening high schools and for the one correspondence course (University of Oklahoma) studied—and all this despite the superficial growth of science education in this country during the past generation.

THINGS ARE NOT much better abroad. Dr. Gruenberg cites the figures on science education for Cambridge University (local lectures) and for Oxford and London Universities (extension courses). In the period from 1887 to 1926 the percentage of science courses offered declined as follows: for Cambridge, from 50 to 14; for Oxford, from 27 to 10; and for London University, from 42 to 4. These institutions represent the élite of Great Britain—what is the situation for the workers? According to the Workers' Educational Association of England, of 1,683 classes offered in England, Scotland, and Wales in the period 1927–28, only 64—or 3.8 per cent—were in the natural sciences. On the basis of actual time given to such a subject, an analysis of 20 workers' schools in various countries gives the very low figure of 5.6 per cent; 14 of these schools gave no science at all, while at the other extreme we have 10.2 per cent for a German and 15.6 per cent for a Swedish institution. In New Zealand the number of workers studying science was only 3.2 per cent of the total (5,489) enrolled in 1926.

From such figures as these it is not difficult to understand why the economically lower brackets of society are confused with the intellectually inferior—or why Dr. Dewey Anderson, in the article to which we referred last month, challenges the claim that America's official 'rulers' are in any way representative of the educational or occupational level of this country. Dr. Gruenberg's book—despite its tone of labored optimism as to the future—provides eloquent evidence of that 'frustration of science' so ably discussed in the little book of that title recently published here (by the W. W. Norton Co., $2.00).

THE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES of science formed the subject of a recent article by the eminent British scientist, Professor Hyman Levy, who has made a name for himself also as one of the keenest critics of present social trends. Quoting from the abstract of this article in *Nature:*—

'The pursuit of science is essentially a coöperative activity and is therefore socially conditioned. It is directed to an end, and that end is its social purpose, but, since the direction that scientific investigation takes is in this way socially determined, science itself becomes one of the determining factors of society. It improves the technical level of production; it introduces new factors into the way of living for the population; it affects their cultural interests; it creates new needs and therefore arouses new hopes and new desires.'

Pointing out the existence of recognized 'laws of detailed social behavior on which action is based,' Prof. Levy concludes, 'Are we not therefore entitled to expect corresponding regularities, perhaps deeper and more far-reaching, on a large scale and, as a consequence (since society is dynamic), a logic of social change? Since science is itself a motivating factor in that change, its study becomes a social responsibility.'

A sentiment with which everyone heartily agrees—but that no one, apparently, is able to make effective.

—Harold Ward

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Japan on America's Navy

THE misgivings aroused in Japan by the American naval-building programme and the recent fleet manœuvres in the Pacific are well expressed in the editorial columns of *Nichi Nichi*, popular Tokyo daily:—

Of late there has been a marked increase in the desire for larger armaments in the United States. The militaristic tendency of the Americans is fast becoming pronounced. Evidence of this is seen in the huge shipbuilding programme of the United States Government and in the reported opening of negotiations with the Panama Republic for the right to construct a new canal. On April 26 the House of Representatives adopted the naval appropriations bill. Passage of the measure means that the keels of 24 new warships will be laid down in the next fiscal year. A total of 44 ships has been laid down in the present fiscal year. The building plans of Japan, France, and Italy are nothing by the side of those of the United States. Even Britain, which has the same ratio as the United States, lags far behind. The ships that Britain has started to build in the present and will lay down in the next fiscal year total 32.

Not content with the big-building programme, the United States planned naval manœuvres on a large scale to cover an area extending from Hawaii to the North Pacific. American warships, numbering 137, assembled off San Pedro, California, for the event, were inspected by Rear Admiral Joseph Mason Reeves, commander of the combined American fleet, and on April 29 they started action.

It goes without saying that the United States has a perfect right to effect a large increase in its navy, stage large-scale naval manœuvres, and plan the construction of a new canal. These activities are in a different category from Germany's rearming in violation of treaties. But it is easy to fathom the motives of the United States in extending its navy, staging manœuvres, and negotiating the construction of a new canal from statements made in American official circles, to the effect that the United States is desirous of seeing the naval-disarmament conference called during the present year but that the new situation in Europe has diminished these prospects. Before a session of the House committee on naval appropriations, Rear-Admiral W. H. Standley, chief of naval operations, intimated that, if the United States navy builds many more destroyers and submarines, it will be able to invade enemy waters and achieve decisive results. Chairman Carl Vinson, of the House naval affairs committee, during the debate on April 25, said that the United States did not intend to build beyond the 5:5:3 ratio. However, he went on, the United States must not abandon that ratio.

It is clear that the United States has laid down a policy of building up to full strength. It is also clear from a study of the statements of Rear-Admiral Standley and Mr. Vinson that the strength to which the United States intends to build is such as will enable it to engage in an offensive war. This is the reason why we regard the present naval-building plan of the United States as undesirable from the point of view of maintenance of world peace.

It is satisfying to note that there are thinking Americans who do not look with favor on the desire for more armaments in their country. One of them is Senator Gerald Nye, chairman of the Senate committee for investigating the munitions industry and one of America's outstanding advocates of disarmament. Speaking at the dinner of the American

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Society of International Law on April 28, he said: 'Our good friend, Japan, has increased war expenditures by 130 per cent since 1913. The war expenses of the United States have advanced 170 per cent during the same period. Thus, our country leads the World Powers in the rate at which military expenses are being increased. Americans think that, if others follow their example, world peace will be guaranteed. But their wish is misdirected in the face of the fact that the United States is going beyond others in expanding its armaments.'

Speaking on the same occasion, Mr. Libby, executive secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, said: 'Expanded armaments lead to war. If the United States engages in a war, it will be with Japan over the economic interests in China. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that such a war would be aggressive.'

We sincerely hope that the views of these Americans will prevail in the United States. But, at the same time, we cannot sit with folded arms in the face of reports from the United States that proclaim an increase in American armaments.

Laski on America

HAROLD LASKI, number-one man of the British Labor Party's Brain Trust, returned from a visit to America in the late spring and delivered these opinions of the state of the nation in the *Daily Herald:*—

The tragedy of America is the absence of any common American ideology of the Left at a time when its presence is the one real safeguard against the victory of conservatism by default. The result is that there is no organized power behind any of the things the radicals know to be essential. They destroy the things they might enforce by their inability to sink their differences in the front of the common foe. They sacrifice immediate urgencies to ultimate ideologies. The President understands the first; he is utterly remote from the second.

The Left has the chance of taking the offensive; but to do so it must make the impact of unity. To fail to achieve this means to be defeated just as it was defeated in the textile strike and in San Francisco.

It is no use blaming the President for not sharing the ideals of Norman Thomas or W. Z. Foster. If he shared them, he would not be President of the United States. The thing to do is to affirm the radicals' platform with such emphasis that the President is driven by their impact to turn in their direction. He will not, in any case, turn the whole way. But, if the American radicals knew their job, he would turn far enough in their way to give them the chance of taking the initiative in the next years. As it is, they deprive themselves of the main influence they could exert by making their mutual hostilities far more apparent than their common agreement—that the social system in America to-day is bankrupt.

Any American President, in the present state of opinion in the United States, is inhibited from radicalism by the impossibility of knowing what radicalism wants. And this impossibility is due far more to the radicals themselves than it is to their opponents. The situation is the more distressing because, for the first time since the Civil War, the Supreme Court has given the radicals a clear-cut issue upon which to fight.

For the first time since 1787 the validity of the American Constitution is directly in question. As it has been put by the Supreme Court, the problem is whether the State has the power at its disposal to govern in terms of modern needs. If the radicals know their job, they can put that problem upon a basis that will completely alter the perspective of American politics.

If they fail (and the present disunity makes failure a grave possibility), the victory of Wall Street is certain. If they

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succeed in overcoming their differences, they may make the latent sentiment for fundamental change articulate for the first time in America. That would open a new epoch in the history of the world.

Impoverished America

RENAUD DE JOUVENEL, a correspondent of the French radical weekly, *Lumière*, failed to discover any of the potential plenty that many inhabitants of the United States feel they are capable of enjoying by reason of the country's enormous natural resources. Here are the features that chiefly attracted the jaundiced eye of a Left-wing visitor from France:—

To begin with, the United States is a poor country. Between the two coastal plains, which are cultivated, settled, habitable, and rich and which extend, on the one hand, from Boston to New Orleans and, on the other, from San Francisco to San Diego, there is nothing but desert. It is an immense desert, of course, and one is impressed by it during the entire length of one's journey. As soon as the train leaves New York the countryside becomes strangely flat, and the trees and natural scenery are somewhat reminiscent of France. Immediately outside New York the towns and cities seem sad and poor. The truth is that all America looks poor, including its wooden or red-brick houses, its huge black factories, many of them lying idle with their windows broken. This poverty may be fictitious because you always see an enormous number of automobiles in the smallest villages. But they are cheap automobiles bought on the installment plan.

I met an unemployed man, who had not been working until three days before and had already acquired an automobile, in which he was going to ride to work the next day. Credit makes everything possible, including bankruptcy. This is why there are so many automobiles offered at prices from $50 to $150, all in excellent condition. Moreover, the automobile in the United States is simply a means of transportation and never a luxury and is therefore thrown away like a box of matches when it is no longer needed.

Although the United States may give the appearance of possessing great wealth, this wealth is confined to a very small number of individuals, nor should we forget that it is only financial wealth, and that it is as easy to lose money as it is to make it. From Chicago to San Francisco, one's impressions that the country is a desert are confirmed. For three days the traveler crosses a terrifying expanse of solitude. One sees nothing but wasteland, low hills covered with feeble grass, and trees that lack vitality.

The only attraction on this journey is Salt Lake, which the train takes hours in passing. This is another immensity (it is impossible to speak of the United States without using this word), and its white expanse of salt lies blinding and desperate beneath the sun. It is difficult to have any conception of distances, for this lake, which ends on one's right, suddenly appears again on one's left. Moreover, there is poverty everywhere. One sees nothing but poor farms, tumbledown wooden houses, abandoned farmyards, or big towns made of nothing but wood. These were intended to be cities, with streets forty yards wide, but none of the hoped-for fine houses ever arose. Across this country passes a marvelous train, on which the service is always perfect, the milk always fresh, the water always iced, while beside it runs a macadam boulevard.

M. de Jouvenel was as much depressed by the people as by their surroundings:—

Americans have a disordered and hypocritical sexuality, as the burlesque show abundantly proves. Where is there anything in the world corresponding to this ignoble exhibition? In a theatre with an

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audience consisting entirely of men, a revue is performed without the slightest interest except what may arise from the spectacle of a woman who slowly undresses herself at the end of each number, often down to her last remnant of clothing. The men naturally come to witness this alluring spectacle. They experience a sexual sensation that they do not feel at home. Those who have married thin women come to see fat women, and vice versa. Moreover, many other artistic manifestations in America have to do with sex. The dance numbers in all the music halls and all the night clubs are extremely sexual, and most of them are incontestably artistic. Sex has at least as much importance here as it has in France, and the greatest American stars are the most sexual ones, as the cases of Jean Harlow and Mae West prove.

It seems that no class struggle is possible in the United States because there are no classes. There are poor people, exploited people, and unemployed people, and there are rich people, capitalists, and profiteers, but I think that the Americans have difficulty in assimilating the idea of classes.

There is, however, one notion firmly anchored in the American mind and that is the idea of service, which might be summed up as rendering service perfectly without asking for a tip because one is well paid for doing so. Obviously this makes every well-paid employed man independent and explains why, when one goes to the barber, one finds the mechanic who was filling one's gasoline tank a quarter of an hour ago having his hands manicured, for it is not considered aristocratic to clean one's own nails.

Nowhere are social and fashionable rules observed so strictly as in the United States. A man will keep his hat on in his bedroom and even in a lady's bedroom, but he will take it off in the elevator with the same lady because he has learned to do so. Washington is perhaps the most hide-bound and traditional society in the world, and engraved invitations are issued for every occasion.

The result is that America is full of contrasts. There is no one America, there are forty-eight of them, and one must spend from two weeks to three months in each state to have an exact portrait of the United States. But there are laws, reactions, and desires peculiar to America, and these I have tried to indicate here.

A Frenchwoman in New York

ODETTE PANNETIER, who came to New York on the *Normandie* with the rest of the celebrities, gives the readers of *Candide*, Paris conservative weekly, an intensely personal view of the metropolis:—

I wander through New York. Every shopwindow is a new surprise. Enormous cakes full of cream, pistachios, macaroons, and pink sugar lie side by side with cigars, lemon squeezers, radios, dish rags, and gardenias. The two extremities of Fifth Avenue disappear on the horizon in a gray humid mist, which clings to one's skin. At each block a red light: the car stops short. It turns green, and they start up at eighty. And there is Rockefeller Centre, brand new, white, immense, terrifying, a city within a city. In front, well-bred little lawns spread out and serve as background for prim geraniums and a horrible gilded gentleman, twice life size, who is going through all kinds of contortions in the middle of a large ring to match. The whole scene is punctuated by spouts of water, which sneeze and spit.

The hall of the RKO building is furnished with elevators. Some of them are local, the others direct or semi-direct. But here is the terrace on the eightieth floor! A guardian walks up and down, follows the visitors closely, examines them, and indulges in all sorts of psychological calculations. The guardian has a task—to avoid suicides at any cost. He does as he is told. If you move too near the edge,

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he is on hand and ready to knock you a sweet blow over the head in order to revive your will to live.

I was told that it was essential to drink a cocktail before lunch at the Weylin Bar. As I begin to be terribly thirsty, I rush to it headlong. It is a bar like hundreds of others, except that a decorator filled with reminiscences built a Greek temple out of cardboard behind the counter. Once his masterpiece completed, he must have received a thousand congratulations, which prompted him to go one better. Therefore, beside the temple, we see a circular colonnade surmounted by twelve flower pots. A graceful sight.

Next to me two ladies are lunching. One of them, who looks like a near-sighted basset hound, drinks first beer and then tomato juice, then some more beer and some more tomato juice. In between times she munches some kidney and mushrooms on toast. The other one is resolved to commit the worst follies. She has ordered a Martini, which is destined to bring out the fine flavor of spinach, tomatoes, blueberries, and fried ham. I feel rather sick for them and go away.

I don't know who advised me to have lunch in the Japanese Garden at the Ritz. Tomato juice, kidney, spinach, blueberries, and the inevitable glass of water with a rocking iceberg. The Meursault that I order from the amazed headwaiter tastes slightly of iodine, a flavor to which one can easily become accustomed, provided, of course, that one has a stomach prepared to make all necessary concessions.

Two gentlemen occupy the table on my right. One of them, who is young and attractive, casts most gracious glances in my direction. I don't mean to be vain, but facts are facts. This gentleman, all told, has good taste. His good taste triumphs over an entirely different feeling. He gets up, comes over to my table, and sits down. 'You are French, are n't you?' he asks. 'And you came over on the *Normandie?*'

He is a little disappointed because I cannot tell him how broad the deck is, nor how much hair Mrs. Frank J. Gould has, nor how old the captain is. Since I can tell him nothing, he begins to talk himself. I have made the most agreeable, the most violent impression on him. What he says is the truth itself. He is a Westerner, and Westerners don't lie. He has a ranch out there with two thousand horned beasts, exactly two thousand, not one more, not one less. If I am willing, he is ready to marry me. But first he wants me to tell him something. A few months ago he had an affair with a Frenchwoman, which lasted two days. And this Frenchwoman told him some extraordinary things about our ways. For instance, when a Frenchman loves a woman, he is far more interested in her pleasure than in his own. What should he believe? I laugh. I laugh so much that the Westerner goes away thoroughly vexed. I shall not play the rôle of a faithful shepherdess on the banks of the Mississippi.

In order to reach Harlem one has to cross all of New York. Following the beautiful residences along Fifth Avenue, in front of which doormen silvered along each seam mount guard, we come to two-storied houses in the Negro city with those horrible iron stairways along the façades. The broad sidewalks of the broad streets look as though they were covered with multi-colored confetti. The confetti is the Negro children, whose faces range from the darkest black to the purest pink. Only hair that is perhaps too curly, nails that are too deeply tinged with lavender reveal that these are little white children of black ancestry. The mothers go to market, overflowing their pink, white, or pale blue dresses.

Fifty boys on roller skates make the noise of thunder in the middle of the street. A fifty-first sweeps by on a bicycle, the rear of which is decorated with a fox's tail. A Negro policeman watches a newspaper vendor, who noisily proclaims Communist papers printed on sad green paper.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

celebrated writers as Paul Morand began their careers with just such esoteric stylistic efforts.

HAVING given a French Communist's view of Russia, we also offer a Russian Communist's view of France. Vladimir Lidin will be recalled as the author of 'Flanders Fields' in our June issue, and he is fast developing into as great a master of reportage as his fellow countryman, Ilya Ehrenburg. Whereas foreign visitors to Russia used to draw unfavorable comparisons between Moscow and their native cities, to-day the shoe is on the other foot, and the Muscovites can point with pride to the superiority of their subway.

THE most important article in this issue appears in our 'Persons and Personages' department. It is a sketch of Sir Samuel Hoare, who, in the course of the month that has elapsed between the time he took office and the time these lines are being written, has made himself as universally unpopular as the disastrous Sir John Simon did in the course of nearly four years. Georg Popoff, who describes Hoare's career, is as much of a Red-baiter as Sir Samuel himself, and he welcomes the pro-German inclinations of Britain's new Foreign Secretary. The reader thus discovers what our own incompetent foreign correspondents failed even to mention—that Sir Samuel's arrival in the Foreign Office means that Britain's latent anti-Soviet policy, which is so unpopular with the mass of the people, will now come into the open. The consequences on the fortunes of the Conservative Party, not to mention the peace of the world, remain to be seen.

MAX BROD gives us the gist of Emil Ludwig's new book on President Thomas G. Masaryk, which will be published in this country by Robert M. McBride this fall. It sounds like Ludwig's most important work since his life of the Kaiser, if not since his masterpiece on Napoleon.

CAPTAIN H. C. ARMSTRONG'S appraisal of Ibn Saud's manly son is the enthusiastic judgment of one military man writing about another. The author believes that in Saudi Arabia—if nowhere else—the fate of the government is assured and that the reins of power will slip into strong hands when the renowned Ibn Saud greets his Prophet.

THE most interesting feature in our 'Books Abroad' department is Gabriel Marcel's review of André Malraux's last book, *Le Temps du mépris*, which will probably be published in the United States during the coming year. André Malraux is now attending the Paris Congress of Writers 'for the defense of Culture,' that nebulous but furiously assailed fortress. We have deliberately chosen M. Marcel's review as best exemplifying the skepticism of the liberal critic wearily perusing one of the most powerful books of our time.

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THE LIVING AGE

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Time and again our readers have shown their interest in the magazine by suggesting the names of friends who would like to receive sample copies and by taking out gift subscriptions. Now you can also tell your friends to ask for it at their local news stands, or, better yet, suggest to your own local news dealer that he order a few copies.

For the material that THE LIVING AGE alone lays before the American public possesses more importance every day. Beginning with Ernst Henri's 'The Man Behind Hitler' last October and including 'Murder in the Saddle' this month, our articles have analyzed, interpreted, and prophesied the break-up of Nazi Germany for a full year.

Nor have we let the excitement in Europe distract our attention from the Far East. Turn to 'Heroes of Japan,' 'Sights Seen in Singapore,' and 'Third Degree in Japan,' and you will find the latest first-hand news from that part of the world.

We therefore take this opportunity to remind you that we still depend on your word-of-mouth advertising to spread THE LIVING AGE, and we hope that you will be as generous in calling attention to our news-stand distribution as you have been in suggesting names for sample copies and in taking out gift subscriptions. And don't forget that we're as glad to send the samples as we ever were.

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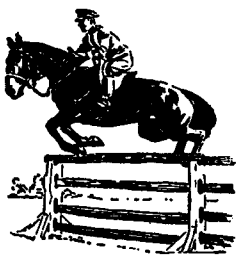

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